

THE CHURCH MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1880.

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

We observe that the Great Pyramid is again attracting attention, several essays, lectures, books, and pamphlets having been written on the subject. In fact, since the appearance of Prof. Smyth's great work in 1867, more or less of interest has from time to time been awakened. True, his premises and conclusions have been called in question; but even if his theory with regard to its origin and purpose be rejected, none can deny that the "coincidences" are so numerous and remarkable that it is not at all strange that the Professor should have many disciples.

For the benefit of those who may not be familiar with the facts and hypotheses which are the subject of discussion, we have thought that a brief outline might not be unacceptable.

We refer of course to the great Pyramid of Gizeh, which differs from the others in size and structure. Its base, 761 feet square, covers about thirteen acres of ground. Its height, including a portion at the top which has been removed, was 493 feet. Its sides, as is well known, are steps, and were once covered with polished stones, which have been removed for building purposes. Those who have spent most of time and money in investigating the structure, claim to have made discoveries which are simply astounding. We will put them together.

It is claimed that the perpendicular height forms the radius of a circle, which is precisely equal to the square of the base of the pyramid, showing

that the builders knew what the world afterward lost, and after long investigation recovered—how to square the circle.

A problem among mathematicians is, What is the best standard of measure? The French, as is well known, have taken the quadrant of the earth's surface at the particular meridian of Paris. This is strongly objected to by many, as being uncertain and arbitrary. Sir John Herschel pronounced it "the newest and worst measure in the world." He and others have suggested the axis of the earth, as being an unvarying straight line. This is precisely the standard of measure adopted by the builders of the Pyramid, 4,000 years ago. According to this standard, the inch varies but the one-thousandth part of an inch from ours, and its cubit is 25,025 of our inches, exactly the cubit of measurement which God gave to His people of old. This is one-ten-millionth part of the semi-axis of our globe. It is remarked also that this cubit "is contained in each side of this edifice just as many times as there are days in a year." This cubit appears again and again in almost every part of the structure.

But there are also measures of weight and capacity, which, when compared with the results given by the highest scientific authorities of modern times, produce coincidences truly astonishing. The experiments to ascertain the density of the earth give as the mean result, 5,672 times the density of water at the mean temperature of

68° Fahrenheit. The density given by the Pyramid is 5,700.

There is also found, by careful measurements, evidence that the builders knew what was afterward discovered by Thales, 600 years before Christ, that the earth is not a perfect sphere, but a spheroid. The height of the Pyramid corresponds with the semi-diameter of the earth at the equator, its base with that of its polar axis. They also knew the distance between the equator and the poles, having built the Pyramid at a point half way between the two. The four cardinal points are also marked with greater accuracy than has ever been reached in any other structure. The distance of the sun from the earth also, by the Pyramid's measurement, corresponds nearly with the latest modern calculations.

There is another fact which was not known to moderns until after the time of Tycho Brahe—the length of the sidereal year. This is given in the diagonal of the Pyramid's base, which contains as many inches as there are solar years in the sidereal.

From various data the age of the Pyramid has been computed, with remarkable nearness to agreement. Sir John Herschel in 1839 calculated from the following data: the polar star at its lowest culmination looking down the tubular shaft of entrance, and the star Alcyone of the Pleiades being on the same meridian above—a mark which could not occur again in 25,000 years—fixed the date at 2,170 B. C.

But what is more wonderful still, is a modern discovery that the sun is not the centre of the universe; but our system and all the systems revolve around some great centre far away in the heavens. Where that centre is, has long been an object of search among astronomers. Probably pointed the Pleiades, and at

length the German astronomer Maedler singled out Alcyone, the central one of that group, as being the centre of the Universe. Should further calculation confirm this, the "coincidence" would be, to say the least, remarkable.

But the Great Pyramid is said to abound in sacred symbolism. Without expressing any opinion upon the matter, we here give what those who have studied the subject claim to have found. Whether the numerous and wonderful correspondences in measurement are merely coincidences, or the result of design in the builders, who would thus tell of heavenly things as well as earthly, may be a question.

In order to understand what follows, it is necessary to speak of some particulars in the construction of this pile. The entrance is at the north. It is a low tube, the mouth being high up from the base, and pointing directly to the North Star. This passage descends obliquely to an unfinished room in the solid rock, about one hundred feet below the ground. There is also, about eighty feet from the entrance, an upward passage. This leads to a high and beautiful gallery, near the entrance of which is a torn and ragged opening to a well, which reaches down to the main entrance near the subterranean chamber above mentioned. There is also, near the mouth of the well, the beginning of a horizontal passage leading to a room called the Queen's Chamber. Following the grand gallery, it terminates in a large room called the King's Chamber.

We now follow these lines to ascertain their sacred symbolism. The Pyramidal inch represents a year. The entrance, down which the Dragon Star looked, leads to the Bottomless Pit, the direction the race was pursu-

ing after the Flood. At a distance of about 1,000 inches, representing so many years, begins the upward passage, the beginning of the Jewish nation; 1,542 inches of the upward passage to the Grand Gallery correspond with the number of years to the Birth of Christ; thirty-three inches from that point, the length of the Saviour's life, is the entrance to that mysterious well, which extends irregularly down the masonry and rock to a wide cavern, and thence to the entrance of the Bottomless Pit itself, symbolizing, it is said, the descent into Hades and the breaking of the barriers of the Tomb, for the mouth of the well is broken, as if ruptured by irresistible power from below.

The Grand Gallery, supposed to represent the Christian dispensation, terminates in a beautiful room known as the King's Chamber. Its only piece of furniture is a Coffin without a lid. This in dimensions corresponds precisely with the Ark of the Covenant which God commanded Moses to make in the wilderness. Between the termination of the Grand Gallery and the Chamber is an ante-room, entered by a low passage. The ante-room is narrow, and a double heavy granite block hangs from grooves in the side walls. Taking the so-called King's Chamber as significant of Heaven, the passage to it from the Grand Gallery would indicate the tribulations of the latter days and the Judgment; for here overhead are engraved the symbols of judgment, the rules, measures, and weights of the Pyramid.

What is called the Queen's Chamber abounds in sevens and their multiples, symbolizing the Jews; who at the commencement of the point indicating the termination of the Messiah's earthly ministry, instead of pursuing the upward path of the Christian dispensation, followed the low horizontal one

indicated in the Pyramid. That Sabatical room may possibly signify some peculiar earthly destiny for the chosen race.

But we will not pursue these speculations further. We express no opinion upon them, and we are aware that from the brief outline here given, our readers have not sufficient data to form a judgment. There are many particulars which are here necessarily omitted. Nor have we made a statement of the theories as to the origin of the Pyramid. Those who regard it as abounding in sacred symbolism, incline to the belief that its architect was no less a person than Melchisedec himself, and that his work was planned and perfected under Divine direction. Our readers may, from our brief sketch, become sufficiently interested to procure and peruse some of the numerous works on the subject.*

*A very good one is that of Dr. Seiss, called "A Miracle in Stone," published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

I am prepared to defend friendly gossip, as not only a necessity to men and women, but as a valuable safety-valve for their abounding sympathies, by which they may blow off their spare thoughts and feelings, and so avoid a horrible explosion of selfishness. The most unamiable, and I need not say the most selfish—nay, sometimes the weakest of men and women—are often alike in this, that they are remarkably exempt from an inclination to gossip—an exemption, too, on which they are apt to pride themselves, with little cause for pride. I have taken pleasure in tracing out the word gossip—God-sid, in vindication of an alliance through God in a common humanity, with a fellow-feeling in humanity's joys and sorrows.—*Sarah Tytler.*

If Christians must contend, let it be like the olive and the vine, which shall bear most and best fruit; not like the aspen and elm, which shall make the most noise in the wind.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A PROFLIGATE'S PRAYER.

In the reign of George III. many among the upper classes in England had become infected with deism. Atheism indeed was not so common. But numbers who, under the influence of the skeptical writers of that age had been led astray, treated religion with the utmost contempt, pouring ridicule upon it in every conceivable form, and never shrinking from the most horrid blasphemy.

There was a memorable illustration of this in the case of Sir Francis Dashwood, a most dissolute man, who having visited Rome, and there so conducted himself in the Sistine chapel that he was compelled to fly for his life, returned to England, and in mockery set up an order of monks. He purchased an old Cistercian Abbey at Medmenham, which he restored; and there, with profligate companions of both sexes, he held his diabolical orgies, parodying the rites of the Roman Church. Here they spent a portion of each year, inhabiting the cells and making mockery of religious services, feasting in the great hall and singing blasphemous songs.

The number of these monks was limited to twelve; and to become one of the band was unfortunately the ambition of some depraved men of fashion, who were competitors in wickedness. A vacancy having occurred, two persons presented themselves as candidates—Lord Sandwich and the famous John Wilkes. The former was elected.

It is not difficult to suppose a person to be sincerely in error, rejecting the Divine revelation from conviction. But when one sets about to scoff at that holiness and purity which are approved by nature as well as by revelation, and in every conceivable manner proclaims his defiance of God and his contempt for piety, this is not con-

viction. We may be sure that there is something put on: an endeavor to work oneself up to believe what he says he believes; to quiet his own misgivings by bravado and bluster.

Wilkes, stung by his disappointment, determined to have his revenge. Accordingly, having procured a baboon, which he dressed after the common representations of the devil, he had it concealed in a chest in the room where the impious revellers were feasting amidst profane songs and jests. Just as Lord Sandwich began an impious prayer, invoking the devil as his master, the lid of the chest was raised, and the animal dashing forward in great fury, leaped upon Lord Sandwich's shoulders. The consternation of the company was indescribable. The impious young nobleman, filled with terror, believed that his prayer had been answered, and that his end was come. Frantic with fear, he fell upon his knees, recanted his blasphemy, and piteously plead for mercy from that God whom but a moment before he had mocked.

A window being open, the baboon escaped. The revellers in time recovered their spirits. But the story got abroad, and the version among the common people was that Satan himself had actually appeared in answer to the blasphemous prayer. But whatever version was put upon the story by various parties, its circulation gave an unenviable notoriety to the Society at the monastery; and the tide of opprobrium was so strong that the "brotherhood" was unable to stand against it. It dissolved, and the building was suffered again to fall into decay.

To enjoy life you should be a little miserable occasionally. Trouble, like cayenne, is not very agreeable in itself, but it gives greater zest to other things.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

EVENINGS WITH MY PARISHIONERS.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUITY.

One difficulty I had experienced in these conversations, which it required some skill to overcome—the difficulty I mean of keeping both myself and my company closely to the point before us. In considering one question, others would arise as collateral to it, and of course the temptation was strong to leap from one to the other. But I knew that if this were permitted, we should arrive at no definite conclusion upon any subject. I therefore persistently held all comments and interlocutions to the subject of the evening, promising to give to each collateral theme its consideration in due course of time.

In the conversation detailed in chapter iv., I had spoken of the Church of England as a legitimate branch of the Church founded by Christ and His Apostles, and the American Episcopal Church as an offshoot. All questions about Henry VIII., the separation of the Church of England from the Roman, I refused to enter into, promising to consider that at another time. Of course well read Church people have these facts at their fingers' ends. But my instructions were directed to those who required information upon the very rudiments and first facts of Church doctrine. I shaped my conversation accordingly. I allowed those present at the meeting after that noticed in chapter iv. to engage in a discussion among themselves on the subject of Henry VIII. Those who thought that he was the *founder* of the English Church, were soon disabused of that impression. Still it was agreed that it was unfortunate that a man of such a character should be the leader of the separation from Rome.

I told them that they would find

that there was some mistake about this, as we should find when we reached that point. But that I had noticed that in what had been said, they went no farther back than Henry VIII. for the Church of England.

Several disclaimed at once any such intention. They knew that the truth was acknowledged by many before that date, and all along through Church history from the beginning there had been witnesses to the doctrines of Apostolic times.

'True,' said I, 'but the question is not merely in reference to the truth itself, or to individuals holding it, but to the Church as an organized body. The Church of Christ was an organized body—a society. As we are ecclesiastically descended from the English Church, it concerns us to inquire whether or not that English Church is a regularly constituted branch or offshoot of the one outward and visible Church which Christ and His Apostles founded. We must then go back to an earlier date than the English Reformation. But to begin: When was Christianity first introduced into Britain?'

To this, as I expected, the usual answer was given—A. D. 596.

Taking a volume of Hume from the table, I read his statement that Christianity was introduced into England in that year. I then turned to the date 440 and read his account of the existence of the heresy of the Pelagians in Britain at that date.

'Here then is evidence,' said I, 'that the mission of Augustine to England was not the date of the introduction of Christianity into that island.'

I then turned to Bede and read his statement of the number of monasteries and of monks in Britain at that

time, from all which it was apparent that Christianity was not only in Britain, but was established and flourishing there. I then took up Lingard and read his account, showing that when in 596 the Monk Augustine landed in Britain, he found a Christian queen, Bertha, with her chaplain Luidhard, a Bishop; that he found in Britain a Church with its Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, who were well-instructed Christians, but differed in some matters from the Church of Rome; who acknowledged the authority of the Bishop of Rome in his own diocese, but denied him the claim of universal Bishop or Pope; that they refused submission to him, maintaining that they were subject to their own Bishops alone. All these facts established the point that there was from a very early date, and without doubt planted in Apostolic times, a regular Christian Church in England, which did not owe allegiance to the Church of Rome. In fact, the Pope did not know that there were Christians there at all, but supposed them to be heathens and pagans, and sent a missionary to convert them.

I then went rapidly over the subsequent events, in which it was shown that the claims of the Papacy were from time to time resisted in Britain, until at length, aided by the civil power, the Church was brought under the Roman yoke.

As to Henry VIII., I showed that he never left the Roman Church, that he died in that Communion, his quarrel with the Pope being in reference to the jurisdiction of the latter in Britain; how Henry had, as a matter of personal interest, taken the same ground which the English ecclesiastics had taken from principle; that the Church took advantage of this rupture to overthrow what she had always regarded as an oppression and

usurpation; and that the result was not a new sect or denomination, but simply the same old Church which had from the beginning existed in Britain, with this 'Old Man of the Sea' removed from its back. Here of course was an outline for my hearers to fill up from history, which I earnestly exhorted them to do.

'And now,' said I, 'let us see what progress we have made in our search after the fact of the Church of England as a legitimate branch or offshoot of the original Church, founded by Christ and His Apostles.'

'There was at a very early date a Christian Church in Britain. From the fact that when discovered by the Monk Augustine in 596, it had a ministry like that of the Christian Church elsewhere throughout the world; as this ministry had existed there from the day of the planting of that Church; as according to the laws and usages of all early Christendom, there was but one way of obtaining such a ministry, it must—in the absence of a shadow of proof to the contrary—be inferred that the early British Church was an integral branch of the Church of Christ. This has, I believe, never been questioned.'

'As the connection of the Roman with the British was not a disruption or destruction of that Church, so the throwing off of a usurpation was no breaking of continuity. And if the Church before the English Reformation was a true branch of the Church of Christ, the Church after that event was also an integral branch, for they were the same.'

'And now,' I continued, 'the fact of the planting of the American Church by the Church of England, and the care which was observed that there should be no break in the succession of its ministry—these are things of too recent a date to require any inves-

tigation. I think that I may safely say that your reading will only confirm the position I have taken, namely, that the American Episcopal Church is as clearly a branch of the original Church of Christ as any auxiliary is of a parent society, as any regularly chartered lodge is of the grand or central lodge.'

NOTE.—In *The Church Journal* for June 4, 1874, a correspondent pointed out the following additional testimonies from Hume to the very early introduction of Christianity into Britain :

In the first chapter of the History of England, subdivision "Kingdom of Kent," mention is made of "the introduction of the Christian religion among the English Saxons," and "introducing Christianity into Kent," which was the part of England held by the Saxons. Christianity, according to Hume, existed in *England* before Augustine attempted its introduction "among the English Saxons, A. D. 597." By reference to subdivision "Kingdom of Wessex" in the same chapter, we read that "the Britons having never acknowledged any subordination to the Roman Pontiff, had conducted all ecclesiastical government by their domestic synods and council." That "the missionaries who had converted the Scots and Britons had followed a different calendar from that which was observed at Rome, when Augustine converted the Saxons." That certain controversies "had from the beginning excited such animosity between the *British* and *Romish* priests, that they refused all communion together," &c. Thus it will be seen, according to Hume alone, without reference to other authentic history, that Christianity undoubtedly existed in *England* long before its introduction into *Kent*, which last mentioned event is erroneously supposed by many to be the first that is known of Christianity in England.

Hearken to the warnings of conscience, if you would not feel its wounds.

An honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swears for him.

BISHOP BUTLER AND JOHN WESLEY.
—It might seem strange, for example, to institute a comparison between the two contemporaries, Bishop Butler and John Wesley. Yet there are points of contrast which are instructive. Each was one of the most marked instruments of movement and influence in the respective fields of the argumentative and the spiritual ; the one a philosopher writing for the educated, and the other a missionary preaching to the poor. Butler, educated a Nonconformist, turned to the Church, and in an age of unbelief consecrated his great mental gifts to roll back the flood of infidelity ; and died early, when his unblemished example was so much needed in the noble sphere of usefulness which Providence had given him, leaving a name to be honored in the Church for generations. Wesley, nursed in the most exclusive Church principles, kindled the flame of his piety by the devout reading of mystic books ; when our university was marked by the half-heartedness of the time ; and afterwards, when instructed by the Pietists of Germany, devoted a long life to wander over the country, despised, ill-treated, but still untired, teaching with indefatigable energy the faith which he loved, and introducing those irregular agencies of usefulness which are now so largely adopted even in the Church. He, too, was an accomplished scholar, and possessed great gifts of administration ; but whatever good he effected in kindling the spiritual Christianity which checked the spread of infidelity, was not so much by argument as by stating the omnipotent doctrine of the Cross, Christ set forth as the propitiation for sin through faith in His blood. The earnestness of the missionary may be imitated by those who cannot imitate the philosopher's literary labors. Gifts of intellect are not in our own power. But industry to improve the talents that we possess is our own ; and the spiritual perception of Divine truth, and burning love for Christ, which will touch the heart, and before which all unhealthy doubts will melt away as frost before the sun, will be given from on high by the Holy Ghost freely to all that ask. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord."—A. S. Farrar.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

SPRING IN ROME.—V.

A good thing to do on a fine afternoon is to go to the Colonna Gardens. We found the way, following a trail of perfumes—immense baskets of roses, camellias, and orange blossoms, *en route* for a fête at the palace, the residence of the French ambassador. The palace occupies the neighborhood of the site of an ancient fortress, which became celebrated during the wars between the Colonna and Orsini. It is comparatively a modern structure, but is nevertheless eloquently suggestive, its mediæval memories and legends furnishing abundant food for thought. The entrance is through a grand hall, made somewhat gloomy by deep, almost black, shadows, that time has put into the portraits on the walls. Disfiguring indistinctness gives them a mysterious, puzzling sort of interest—an unremunerative entertainment to a definitive curiosity, however, for in vain one seeks traces, facial or otherwise, of qualities which made the Colonna disturbers of the Church, or of those that inspired Petrarch to sing their praises, hailing them as “Gloriosa Colonna—nostra speranza.”

Old tapestries adorn rooms leading to the Picture Gallery, making occasional bits of brightness against dark walls. Inspecting such rare treasures, touching their antiquated glories, the delicate smoothness of their beautiful, intricate webs, one ought to dream—to feel himself somehow become historical, forever linked to past ideas and toils. No mouldy, only a tender, ancientness appertains to the Colonna hangings; their textures are softened, and their tone is deepened into velvet-like richness: pale amber tints harmonize the almost pristine freshness of flowers with the frank, fine yellow of gold-threaded borders—a *tout ensemble* of time-made interests, mel-

lowness, and elegance. The sun came in through an open window like the soul-illumined face of a lover, touching all with a new glitter of beauty, while a twitteration of birds, from somewhere between the sea of flowers and cloudless sky without, made a spirited accompaniment to the musical trickling of a garden fountain.

The Great Hall of the Picture Gallery is justly noted for the splendors of its decorations. The ceiling, painted with frescoes representing incidents of the battle of Lepanto, is a Marc-Antonio-Colonna memorial. On steps leading to the upper end of the hall lies a bomb, left where it fell during the siege of the city in 1848. Near by we found what most interested us—a portrait of Vittoria Colonna, “the lofty and noble lady” to whom Michael Angelo addressed so many sonnets. Having tendered her property to make amends for the evils her family had brought upon Rome, she retired to fair, world-forgetting Ischia, where she seemed to feel again “the first sweet sense of innocence and love.” Visiting Naples frequently, she breathed the air of that freer intellectual life which was rousing Italy. Moved by the wonderful eloquence of Ochino, Fra Bernardino of Siena, she became a partial convert to his doctrines, as did the beautiful and learned Giulia Gonzaga. At the palace of the latter gathered a distinguished circle of reformers, whose center was Valdez, a Spaniard, and a disciple of Ochino. Vittoria returned to Rome in 1536, her thoughts wholly intent on religious reforms and the hope that Contarini would succeed Paul III. — “Thus might the age be happy,” she says in one of her letters. It was about this time that she met the man of “four souls,” whom she was to influ-

ence more than did the dead Savonarola; for he not only revered her piety, but was captivated by her beauty and intelligence. One cannot read his declaration that by her he had been "re-formed, re-made, taught to tread by fairest paths the way to heaven," without wishing the grand, solitary man had known Vittoria Colonna earlier. We see her tall and stately, a princess in all noble qualities, coming from her convent retreat along the blooming garden-paths of the Quirinal to San Sylvestro, where Ochino, who, at her instance, had been summoned to Rome, expounded the Scriptures. In this little church on Monte Cavallo were discussed the sentiments and hopes of the society of reformers to which she and Michael Angelo had attached themselves, its chief feature being the acceptance of the Bible as the source of all truth. Sometimes the gentle persuasion of the Marchesa would induce the prince of artists to discourse on painting for the benefit of Francesco d'Ollanda, a Portuguese, who greatly preferred Michael Angelo on painting to Fra Bernardino and the Epistles; to his journal we are indebted for this fact, and the only known record of Michael Angelo's opinions on Art.

We have lingered on our way, but find the gardens none the less charming for these incidental reminiscences of Vittoria Colonna, one of the noblest and most famous women of Italy, the friend of Renata of Ferrara and Margaret of Navarre, and in whose ancestral name and virtues the title of Marchesa di Pescara is almost forgotten. The gardens rise in easy ascents of winding walks, fragrant terraces, and shrub-crowded stairways, from the palace to the summit of the Quirinal. The upper terrace commands a fine view of the Capitoline, whose Jupiter-

displacing temple, the church of Ara Coeli, makes a solemn shadow against the profaner squareness of Michael Angelo's structures. Somehow the sun manages to throw a glittering stretch of gold athwart the deep blue distance beyond, and touch with a bold dazzle the bits of architecture, campanili, arches, windows, and balconies, that, with the broader lines of the landscape, go down the Capitoline to the Forum. Over the near stone parapet trails the rich green of interlaced myrtle vines; a weather-worn goddess, in soft, mossy "stuffs," with free flowing locks of pale green tendrils, specked with tiny white flowers, poses in the foreground; and grand old trees, luxuriant in leafage, make shade and shelter, and long-drawn shadow blue vistas. The ruins of a temple of the sun, broken friezes, weedy staircases, fragments of columns, and the bare Torre di Nerone, all take a delicious color from the ambient air; and the sunshine, from the westward stooping, reaches the terracotta jars of the old orangerie, warming into a delectable glow—and a temptation—the ripe, golden fruit. We turn from the garden—Paradise was a garden—and ringing a bell at a little gate, are admitted into the square of Monte Cavallo. At our left, Castor and Pollux, colossals, rein in their wonderful steeds at the base of an obelisk which journeyed from Egypt in company with that in front of Sta. Maria Maggiore. Phidias and Praxiteles are inscribed on the bases of the statues; whether they were wrought by the illustrious Greeks or not, is small matter to us. We find the Berlin nicknames "Progression checked and Retrogression encouraged" applicable to the movements of the Titanic marvels.

Across the square is the Rospigliose palace, and in the Casino is Gui-

do's "Aurora"—a poem all grace and beauty, written in celestial colors for the music of the spheres, and suspended in air, or rather on the ceiling of the Casino. Nothing can be more charming than this composition—the hand-in-hand circling hours hurrying on with the fleecy clouds, the mettled steeds, coursers of the chariot of the sun, impetuous with fiery haste; above, a beautiful cherub bearing a flaming torch—the herald or morning star; and in advance Aurora, her queenly self, sailing on golden clouds through the yet shadowful air, scattering roses, and bringing light and warmth to the awakening earth. The work, as a whole or in detail, is thoroughly complete; the feeling is gay, joyous; the color luminous with the thought of coming dawn; and the movement aerial, as well as swift and regal, as an Aurora should be. The Casino hall was filled with copyists, the Aurora being a favorite subject with amateurs, as well as with those who copy masterpieces to supply human nature's daily needs.

Some one has said that Rome in May is worth waiting for. This was made clear to our apprehension in the garden of the Casino—a queer little garden, raised many feet from the roadway, and through which, by a stone staircase, one reaches the Casino. We never saw such wealth of roses, camellias, and azaleas; the beds were heaped with them; they crowded into the paths, and climbed over the walls. There was every variety—cream color and crimson, white and pale pink, light green leaves and bronzed ones, and others "stained through with red." And the air was loaded with their fragrance, and that of heliotrope and jessamine, till its breath was almost an intoxication; it enveloped one in a vapory dream of magic, mystery, and enchantments.

The longer one remains in Rome, the stronger grows its hold on the imagination. In the Vatican, on the Campidoglio, and before the grandeur of the Coliseum, one is absorbed and self-forgetting, letting the days glide into weeks, and the weeks into months. You have a desire to make stores as full as possible for the afterward, when you may enjoy at leisure the results of all the walking, looking and questioning; thus thinking, we go from villa to palace, from church to gallery, and are never weary of suggestions, subjects, or routes. The road to Sta. Maria Degli Angeli, by the Piazza Barberine and the Villa Massimo Rignano, with its fine palms, once a part of the Garden of Sallust, is especially delightful. From the Villa we proceed by Sta. Maria Vittoria and the Fountain of Termini—whose ugly Moses ought to have killed the author at its birth, not waited for ridicule to do it—to the church which was built on the site, and out of the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian. On the right of the entrance is the tomb of Carlo Maratta, the date of his death being 1713; on the left is that of Salvator Rosa, who died 1673. Against one of the piers stands Houdon's famous statue of S. Bruno. The body of the church is filled with pictures brought from St. Peter's, their places being supplied with mosaic copies. But that which pleases us most, in the interior of the edifice, is the peculiar subdued brilliancy of tone—a light such as we sometimes see in fine pictures, an unobtrusive sunshine of its own. Adjoining the church is the celebrated monastery, with fine cloisters, built by Michael Angelo, and the well surrounded by grand cypresses; but ladies are not admitted.

From our house at the top of the Spanish steps, the walk to Sta. Maria

Maggiore through the Quattro Fontana, a continuation of the Felice, is one of the pleasantest in the city. The street is alive with picturesque delights, but none attract us so much as the groups of *contadini* coming from or going to the village neighborhoods: among them are models decked in their posing finery; it may be a long-haired and bearded, fierce-eyed old man, who serves equally well as a prophet or bandit; or better, it is a sweet, tender-faced young girl, with wide, dreamy eyes, carrying in her arms a beautiful boy, and as she sits down by the wayside with her little burden, we see what a lovely Madonna she made.

In its construction, the church is an example of fine effects obtained by simple means; one might almost think himself in a Greek temple. The decorations are in an entirely different spirit. The roof is a miracle of carving, and is gilt with gold sent to Alexander VI. by Ferdinand and Isabella, it being the first brought to Spain from South America. There is an endless fascination in the dark-red and violet hues of the splendid opus-alexandrinum pavement; they enliven the white and gold tones of the wall, and harmonize with the mosaic frieze above the white marble columns of the nave. A baldachino over the high altar is supported by porphyry columns wreathed with gilt leaves, and surmounted by figures of angels. We fancy that there is a sentiment of friendliness in the cheerful, light tone of grandeur, and general warm radiance of gold, crimsons, and sapphire, inviting the weary, solitary, and burdened to comfort at altars and confessionals. The finest chapels are the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, built by him who, once a shepherd boy at Montaltó, came to command kings—Sixtus V.; and the Borghese, oppo-

site, with its two white popes, its precious alabasters, its altar of fluted jasper, and its memories of the gentle Princess Borghese, the English Lady Gwendoline Talbot.

The last time we saw the church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, was on a Sunday afternoon. The vesper *Angelus* was rolling through its vastness—a sea of sound beating against a sea of color; a warm light streamed in through the western window panes; and two canons in white vestments, looking like marble figures, knelt before the altar of the tribune. A few people were passing in and out by the great portal, others moved softly about aisles, going from one “station” to another, while some knelt on the hard pavement or against one of the marble columns. When the lights on the altars began to grow bright, like the coming out of little stars, the nooks and corners to grow shadowy, and the roof to seem moving far away from us, the music ceased. The church became very still, and we stole out, taking the picture with us as a memento.

One may not leave Rome without going to Tivoli. The road, the ancient Tiburtina, is less beautiful than others about Rome, being across a desolate portion of the Campagna, whose dreary brown is relieved only by the green “willow-fringed” banks of the Anio and small streams that pour their waters into it; beside which cluster perhaps now and then a few pale primroses. Occasionally we see the pavement of the ancient *via*; historical sites, those of temples, castles, and towns, may be descried on either side, if the tourist feels inclined to take the trouble of identifying them. A short distance beyond Ponte Lucano, famous in a picture of Poussin, and the massive castellated tomb of the Plautii, a lane leads to the gate

of Hadrian's Villa. In spite of the ruthless hand of "Signor Rosa," who pulled up the flowers, tore the vines from the ruins, and put out the blinking eyes of little periwinkles, we found banks purple with violets, crocus-blooms in shady places, and the air laden with the breath of wild roses. The ruins cover acres of glades, avenues, and grassy arenas; it is no wonder that the shapeless, confused masses are the craze of archæologists. Our guide tells us that on this hillock stood the palace; there was the *Therma*, and in the field beyond the *Hippodrome*; this mound of broken masonry was the *Lyceum*, that the remains of a temple; and in the valley before us were the *Elysian Fields*. The reticulated wall of a portico—the roof covered with bas-reliefs representing *Cupids*, groups of reclining figures, and curious musical instruments—was still standing, the most perfect of the ruins. We rested by one of the columns, and tried to picture all seen by the fleeing *Benedict* on his way to *Subiaco* in the fifth century—the splendors of marble, bronze, and gold, gems stolen from the temples of *Athens* and *Egypt*, treasures brought from *Babylon* and the *Ebro*—when purple-bannered boats floated on the *Canopus*, and Greek songs and the odor of incense filled the air. In whatever gallery we have found ourselves, something from Hadrian's Villa has confronted us—a thing no longer a matter of wonder, knowing its territorial extent, and that he plundered the world to build it.

From the Villa the road winds zig-zag-wise up the hill, through magnificent groves of olive trees, with foliage of a subdued tender gray, as if they kept in memory those of another Mountain, and the scenes of the garden *Gethsemane*. As we look up, coming from below, the delicately

pointed leaves and small white blossoms trembling at the lightest touch of the breeze, the white, gnarled, twisted, and loop-holed branches make fantastic traceries—silvery arabesques—against the misty azure between us and the sky. Reaching the top of the hill, we pass a five-towered castle, and are in the streets of *Tivoli*, the *Tibur* of the ancients, where *Horace* would fain make his rest—our *Horace*, not the classic poet, though the latter once uttered a like sentiment.

The region is a mine of memories, natural beauties, and legendary charms. If the names clinging to sites have any truth in history, here the emperors built their villas, filled them with treasures of art, adorned gardens with flashing fountains and white statues, and planted *ilex* and cypress walks. *Zenobia*, the captive queen of *Palmyra*, dwelt near the town, in a beautiful villa, the gift of *Aurelian*, and married her daughters to noble Romans. And poets flocked hither—*Horace* to whom *Mæcenas* gave a farm, and in return, the poet verses; *Propertius* singing love-songs to the "golden maid of the *Tibur*"; and *Statius* praising the dwelling of *Vobiscus* and its *Olympian* delights, the roof-tree whence one "gazed on still and silent woodlands." Centuries later *Ariosto* dedicated fine poems to *Cardinal d'Este*, and dwelt with him in his magnificent villa.

We made our first halt at the Temple of the *Sibyl*, a circular building with *Corinthian* columns, perched on the edge of a cliff, its orange hue festooned with green, ivy, and clematis. On one side the great fall thundered forth its deep bass, and on the other lighter notes of small cascades went through a sparkling fugue, intelligible no doubt to the sirens who dwell in the caverns below. The sloping

foreground was a confusion of foliage—pine trees and dark cypress branches, thickets of roses, acacias, and laurels, and here and there a gray mass of rocks, with a white umbrella, and somebody under the umbrella sketching. Through gradually-descending, garden-like walks, we were led down to the Grottos—deep caves dug in the rocks by the persistence of falling waters. This was the bed of the Anio till 1826, when, because of damaging inundations, the government changed the course of the river, and in 1834 completed the present artificial cascade, 320 feet in height.

The natural beauties of Tivoli offer an ever-changing panorama of enchantments; each picture seeming the loveliest and most perfect while it lasts. Following a path along the valley, we cross to the slopes of Monte Peschiavatore, and the little chapel of La Madonna di Quintiliolo, a point opposite the small cascades. Local tradition derives the name from Quintilius Varus, whose villa may have been in this neighborhood; inlaid pavements and statues have been found here, with other remains indicating it as the some time locality of a sumptuous villa. Along the roadside were benches and parapets where idlers sat; beneath us were deep ravines, sombre with dark green branches, whose rustle mingled with the roar of waters; old convents and chapels peeped out of mountain nooks, while others seemed to cling to bare cliffs; hyacinths, violets, and anemones covered the banks, or crushed under our feet, giving delicious odors with the sacrifice. On the opposite side, beneath the huge pile misnamed the Villa of Mæcenæ, a thousand small cascades seemed a snow-white band of ripple and spray, as they leaped and danced and foamed on their way down to the Anio.

Above rose the town with its odd old houses, castles, and towers, hoary trees, and glitter of sunshine; and beyond were glimpses of vast dreamy distances of Campagna.

Below Quintiliolo, in the depths of the valley, we took a path winding through an olive wood, and found the bridge of the golden water, but not the maid of the fountain, unless a golden-haired child belonging to a party of English tourists might have been taken for her. At the top of an ascent leading back to the town, we met what might have proved a fortune to Henry James, Jr.—a whole army of "American types." They were taking their luncheon, but we preferred ours in one of the shady avenues of the Villa d'Este. The villa has lost something of its imposing grandeur. Desolation has entered, stalking through the courtyard and chambers, while Melancholy sits under the laurels, frowning at lilacs, and picking to pieces roses and orange blossoms. The statues are mossy and green-eyed; the immense fountains are overgrown with maiden-hair, and the arches choked with tangled masses of foliage; but water murmurs in the stone runnels, and birds sing in the cypress branches. We did not wait on the garden terrace for the sunset, but took it later from the brow of the hill, the evening purple and shadows mingling before we reached the plain. Romeward by moonlight! how beautiful and grand it was! We drove round by the Fountain of Trevi, that a parting draught of its sweet waters might insure our some time return, for on the morrow we were to leave Rome.

F. N.

He who, with wealth, has a true wife, a dutiful child, 'a true friend, may laugh adversity to scorn, and defy the world.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The lives of great and noble men are frequently recounted. I have to write of a great woman. It is no heroine of antiquity, great amid surroundings which have perished with her. No saintly maiden of the middle ages, whose wonderful deeds, like St. Ursula's eleven virgin disciples, have increased a thousand-fold in as many years, but a woman of the nineteenth century, speaking the English language, subject to the follies and frailties generally attributed to her sex, hampered by the trivial round of duties, the same conventionalities that hinder her sisters in this University in their struggles toward their ideal. Many will not call her good, some not even noble, but there is not one who will not yield her to be great. And let me say here that a great woman is greater than a great man. They stand on the same lofty summit. He has ascended from a plateau half way up the mountain; she from the depths of the valley below. He has trodden a beaten path, with kindly hands stretched out to aid and friendly rivals to incite him to effort. She has forced a lonely way beneath avalanches of disapproval at home and abroad, with Brocken spectres on either side to daunt and terrify her, and a thousand laughing echoes to mock her downfall. What she says is depreciated in the markets as well as what she does, simply because she is a woman. For this reason some of the greatest of our sex have won for themselves name and fame under a masculine disguise.

It is of one of these that I wish to speak—George Eliot—a woman who by sheer force of genius has made for herself a reputation that is wider than the English tongue, who is the head and standard-bearer of living English novel writers, who is more than this,

a prophet and teacher of a system of philosophy, a living power in the hearts of her disciples to shape their thoughts and actions. She has grown with the century. She is the embodiment of its tendencies in literature, morals, and philosophy.

Marion Evans, or George Eliot, as we know her better, was born in 1820 in the county of Derby in England. Her native strength of character was not dwarfed by being bred in a hot-house of luxury. Mighty oaks do not grow up under shade and cover. She was poor, without rank or beauty. Small and insignificant in appearance, with ill-proportioned features, the description given by another authoress of herself might apply to her:

“Hands and feet of respectable size,
Mud-colored hair and dubious eyes.”

She began, as so many have begun and ended, a lonely and humble career as governess in a private family. While in this position she met George H. Lewes, who was to have so great an influence on all her future destiny, and on his persuasion she quitted her work of teacher. This is the one event of her personal history. Since then her life has flowed on in the most undisturbed quiet and retirement. But side by side with her personal fortunes her literary life went on, developed and strengthened perhaps by her experiences. She wrote first for one periodical, then for another, and became associate editor of the *Westminster Review*. While editor of this magazine in 1857, great excitement was caused in the literary world by the appearance in *Blackwood's Magazine* of a series of sketches or short tales, under the title of ‘Scenes in Clerical Life,’ followed the next year by ‘Adam Bede,’ a novel, both by an unknown author—George Eliot. The editors of the *Westminster* gravely

joined in the universal discussion of the whereabouts and personality of the anonymous genius. In vain—the incognito was strictly kept. Not a hint was given in her books or correspondence by which it could be inferred that George Eliot was a woman. The editor of *Blackwood's* often related of himself how he used to address his contributor familiarly as 'Dear George,' and use various free and easy expressions such as one man uses to another.

A reputation was achieved for her by these first two works. 'Mill on the Floss' and 'Silas Marner' sustained this reputation, and 'Romola,' published in 1863, crowned her glory. Three years later came 'Felix Holt the Radical.' In 1872 appeared 'Middlemarch'; in 1876 'Daniel Deronda'; and last Summer her 'Impressions of Theophrastus Such' was published. She has also written a volume of poems, which, however, are not widely known.

Early last year a melancholy event occurred to disturb the even tenor of her life. George Lewes, with whom she had lived so many years of the completest harmony, died. Himself an author, he had been her teacher and her fellow-laborer, her public and her critic. Every year they became more closely united in their way of thought and feeling—more nearly 'Two souls with but a single thought.' It has been said of Mr. Lewes, the author and translator of several philosophical works, that he had lived among dead philosophies and theories until he had become as thorough a pagan as Horace or Lucretius. His skepticism and free-thought have steadily gained power over her, and have operated disastrously to turn her belief into the channel in which it now flows. Her action in regard to Mr. Lewes had

had a direct and an indirect influence on herself; indirect by the power his soul has had over hers, as irresistible as the force of gravity between two masses of matter; direct because having once turned aside from the God-directed path of duty, she has been going on in the wrong road ever since, the more unswervingly from the very force and earnestness of her nature.

Critics say she leaves out the existence of God in the general effect of her novels. When her characters are devout and religious, it is an ideal divinity, the catch-word of the nineteenth century, free-thought. It is the sacred, solemn, unspeakable good of Humanity that they serve and adore. Savonarola says to Romola: 'Make your marriage sorrows, my daughter, an offering to the great cause of suffering Humanity.'

And yet when 'Adam Bede' first appeared, so sympathetically was Dinah's piety portrayed, that two very opposite views of the author's position in regard to religion were taken. Deism and orthodoxy both claimed her for their own. Her name was bandied about as much as Mr. Mallock's of late years. It scarcely seems that a tale like that of Mr. Tryan's life in 'Scenes in Clerical Life,' which awakens every purest and noblest sentiment in a Christian soul, and which ought to stand side by side with the lives of the Bishops in every library, could be written by one who has not felt the truth and reality of religion. Perhaps the critics judge her then by what she has since become, forgetting that character on this side the dark river is no more settled than the density of the nebulae, but like them is always tending to solidify into some settled shape.

Those who have a leaning toward that form that doubt and unrest take to-day—call it communism, nihilism,

socialism, what you will, it is the eldest daughter of the human soul, and had its brief sway in the Reign of Terror—claim her for their apostle. Hers is the moral and subjective side of the Darwinian creed, "I believe in Nature as God, and science, represented especially by Mr. Darwin, as His prophet." I find this statement of her faith, "I believe in Humanity as the embracer of every moral that is possible for man, as the only and sufficient object of his highest hopes and his truest religious emotions." Man was made in the image of God; George Eliot makes God in the image of man. Right and wrong are not sorted and separated on either side of one invincible barrier, but change places according to their relations as means to this holy end. Moral action is the product of circumstance operating on personal character; given, the elements of the personality, and the result can be predicted as surely as in chemistry. Selfishness and egotism is the deadly sin, self-abnegation the cardinal virtue of her system. Personal identity must be merged in the community. She seems to think that the happiness each one is unable to obtain for himself, he will be able to obtain for his fellow-creatures. So, apparently, each one, hiding his own unhealed wound deep in his breast, is to go about with other smiling hypocrites, each rejoicing that he has made the other happy. And she seems, or tries to seem, hopeful not only that mankind will adopt this questionable means of arriving at perfect bliss, but also that the mockery would satisfy their souls if they made trial of it. From the heights of genius she sees more deeply than we can do into the dark abyss where human nature has fallen. She sees its weakness and its corruption. But she has resolutely turned aside from its only

hope of regeneration. She sets forth what is indeed our only hope of happiness—self-denial and a life for the good of others; but oh, how dead, how motiveless, how like the toil of the galley slave chained to the oar, she makes it, the great Heart of the Universe having ceased to beat. She presents to the intellectual eyes an unsullied Eden, with grass more green and skies more blue than they appear to lovers in the Spring time. But to the soul, looking forth from its grating to the great black, empty eye-socket of the heavens, as Hamlet says: "This goodly frame, the earth, seems but a sterile promontory. This most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, it appears no other thing than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors."

Judging her novels as works of art, they are defective in many ways. The plots are meagre, and not always consistently carried out. Her characters are not all finished off harmoniously. There is not enough incident, and too much moralizing sometimes. Her philosophical sense gets the better of her dramatic sense, to the detriment of the artistic quality of her works. You can weigh her novels in the balance, and find them wanting in each one of the qualities which constitute a good novel; but it will not alter the fact that they are eagerly sought after and widely read. She attracts us by the perfection of her style. She enchains us in every line by the treasures of thought and wisdom, in response to which every chord of our being vibrates. She knows how to throw around the personages of her tale a charm that enlists our sympathies, till we consider their slightest haps and mishaps as of more near and vital importance than the

famine in Ireland or the war in South Africa. It is these qualities that make her novels popular. And after all, her novels are not for the sake of plot or character. They are but the vehicle in which her thoughts are conveyed to us—thoughts that the brooding spirit of love and hate and sympathy exercise from the troubled depths of her brain—the glow of the electric light when spark has leaped to carbon point. Her characters are the specimens by analyzing which she studies human nature; her plots, the tests she applies to them in their analysis; the curiosities of humanity, the end and moral of her works.

George Eliot is learned, full of practical wisdom and sense, earnest in her convictions, thorough in her undertakings. Her aims are lofty, her sympathies heartfelt and broad as the universe. Her religion, though earth-born, looks far toward the infinite Truth. Her steadfast aim has been to ennoble and better mankind. Her genius compels you to bow down to her. If this is to be noble, then let us reverence her as both noble and great. —*A Paper read by a Young Lady, one of the Graduating Class at the Syracuse University, 1879.*

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL VS. THE CHURCH.

At a late Sunday-school convocation in Brooklyn, the Rev. S. W. Sayres, rector of Trinity church, Rockaway, read a paper from which we make the extract below. That is not true friendship for the Sunday-school which would hide its shortcomings. They who desire to bring it to the highest degree of merit it is capable of attaining, will ask to be shown where it is defective, in order that they may know where to apply the remedy:

The original purpose of Sunday-schools, it is well known, was to help parents on the one side and pastors

on the other, in the Christian nurture of the young. They were founded, they grew into popularity, they were advocated and defended, they gained at length their strong and powerful position on the ground of their great utility in this double work. Their claim to general acceptance was their claim to be most efficient auxiliaries to the family and the Church. They were to supply the deficiencies and incompetencies of home training; they were to prepare for a right engagement in the worship and a right reception of the instructions of the sanctuary. The thought of superseding or diminishing the proper influence of either of these divinely appointed agencies, would have horrified their founders and first workers.

The charge is therefore that the Sunday-school is now injuring what at first it was formed to aid—that by some strange inversion of forces, some unaccountable reversal of machinery, it is working in a direction opposite to that taken at the start.

In regard to the first specification in this charge, viz: that "Sunday-schools, as now conducted, have diminished the influence of the family in the Christian nurture of the young," we find it (in a degree at least) admitted by some of their warm friends and advocates. One of our Church Reviews contained recently an article by a strong defender of the system, which is very frank on this point. It seems indeed universally conceded that the training and discipline common in Christian households fifty years ago, is now rarely to be found. By all accounts, the deterioration is marked and widespread. Parents then taught their children the Church Catechism, and explained to them the Bible, and prayed for and with them, and required their observance of the Lord's day and attendance upon public worship, and prohibited evil associates and associations, and inculcated reverence for holy things to an extent far beyond the average of home training at present. If there was sometimes what might now be considered an over-strictness in domestic regulations and requirements, it was far, far better than the miserable and pitiable laxity at present so manifest. In how many houses whose heads are communicants, is there at this time

any regular, systematic religious instruction? In how many are the children gathered day by day around the family altar? In how many are the solemn injunctions of the Baptismal Service to sponsors and parents duly heeded? In how many is the subject of personal religion pressed home upon sons and daughters with the earnestness of parental affection and responsibility? True answers to these questions would reveal, I am satisfied, a sad condition of things in the Church, whose ideal, drawn from Holy Scripture, is that the home is the divinely-appointed school and nursery of her little ones, and that in the atmosphere of a sanctified family life they should grow up—her sons as the young plants, her daughters as the polished corners of the temple.

It would not be just to charge all this deterioration to the Sunday-school. Much of it, no doubt, is due to the altered condition of the times generally, and especially to the widely prevalent laxity and skepticism in reference to what God has commanded and revealed. But there can be no question that the Sunday-school is responsible for a large part. The Sunday-school is held up to them as an institution so superior to anything else in the religious training of the young, that they even felicitate themselves on the substitution, alleging that their children thus receive what they themselves could not give. And this idea is disseminated far and wide, so that the family which God made the basis of everything precious in society, and the source of every healthful influence in the land, intellectual, moral, and industrial, is displaced by a human device, which, whatever its excellencies as a help, can never be satisfactory as a substitute. The evil is perpetuated, is virtually condoned for the sake of applying the vaunted panacea for its effects. Childhood is taken under the vicarious wing of the Sunday-school in each successive generation; but to educate a generation, to give God's own natural shelter to it, and so to do away with this abnormal expedient, is not attempted.

But I must pass to the other branch of the inquiry proposed: How far Sunday-schools, as now conducted, have diminished the attendance of the

young at the public services of the Church on the Lord's day. One of the strong arguments in favor of the Sunday-school is based on the claim that it is the nursery of the Church. Undoubtedly, in many places it has, in various ways, helped the growth of the Church and increased its strength. It has fitted many for Confirmation and the Holy Communion, and diffused a large amount of information about the Church, to the breaking down of the barriers of ignorance and prejudice. But the question to be considered is whether the good thus produced is not more than counterbalanced by serious evils; whether, for one brought by its agency to the public services on the Lord's day, many are not encouraged to stay away by regarding its services and exercises as a substitute for those of the Church. There is abundant evidence to show that this is really the case. The impression prevails far and wide, among both the parents and children, particularly among the poor and ignorant, and is too often encouraged by the Sunday-school teachers themselves, that for the young the Sunday-school is more important than the Church service—that if they cannot go to both, the Sunday-school should have the preference. The consequence is that not one-fourth of those regularly gathered in our schools on Sunday come to the public services of the Church.

It is no uncommon sight to see the children pouring out of the church or schoolroom, and going to their homes, while the church bell is tolling for divine worship, as if that were something in which they had no part or lot. Thus they grow up without forming any habits of worship, and without any attachment to the Church and its services. There is no cultivation of the devotional spirit. Love for God's sanctuary is not instilled. There is no sense of the importance of honoring Him in the appointments of His house. On the contrary, an indifference, and sometimes a repugnance, to them is manifested.

Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice;—and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

THE KNIGHTLY PILGRIMAGE.

BY THE REV. J. M. CLARKE, D.D.

[Concluded.]

The season was now the heat of August. The flowers and grass were gone. The earth was bare. Little verdure had ever grown in this part of the way. The growing fewness of green spots, and prevalence of shingle and sand, showed that we were approaching the great central Desert. This had not been visible from the commencement of the course, and the young pilgrims had found it difficult to believe that it existed. But they had been fairly warned of it, and it was with special reference to this Desert that they had been provisioned at the outset and instructed how to obtain refreshment by the way. The guide-books showed them that there were oases in the Desert, where fountains gushed, and where refreshing fruits grew on the overhanging trees; places where the Lord of the pilgrimage had brought waters from the rock for the relief of His chosen ones.

Our company had gone some leagues in the sandy path, under the hot sun, and were dragging themselves wearily along. One or two were beginning to complain of the weight of the armor and the length of the way, when suddenly they were aware of a family of lions directly in their path in front. The old lion was crouched upon the ground for his noonday rest. The lioness lay beside him, and two cubs were standing near. As the pilgrim party drew nearer, the male lion rose, yawned, and showed his teeth in a savage grin, and the lioness began to lash her sides with her tail. The company drew closer together. Little Blanche clung frightened to her friend Constance, whose calm demeanor inspired confidence among them all. Arthur and Ernest boldly

put themselves at the head of the troop. I saw but one, Conrad, who shrank back and hid himself in the rear. Another moment, and the lions came slowly forward. "Run, run!" said Conrad, and suiting the action to the word, he turned and made for the edge of the Desert. The lions at once passed by the others, and with a roar and a bound, gave chase to the unhappy Conrad. Almost at one spring the old lion was upon him. He was beaten to the earth with the shock, and soon the lion's whelps were snarling over the fragments of his limbs. It was his own folly; for, had he steadily kept on his course, without discouragement or turning back, the lions would have been held from touching him. The veriest child might have passed them unharmed. The only one of the party who suffered was he whose faith and courage failed. In an hour or two afterward the remaining pilgrims came to an oasis, where they refreshed themselves for their onward march.

In the course of the next march a new encounter befell them. As they passed on over the sands, along a path indicated by the footprints of former pilgrims, they espied some sort of a company coming toward them. In the burning air of the Desert all objects take on monstrous and distorted shapes; and very ugly were the objects they saw now approaching. As they drew nearer, they saw that there was a gigantic Moor, in the dress of a king, with adornments of jewels and gold; armed with bow, quiver, and assegai, and with pages attending him; dark and handsome, though with a treacherous and cruel

glance in his eye. And the figures around were the creatures of the wilderness—the ferocious tiger, the malicious black rhinoceros, the boa constrictor, the fiery flying serpent, the vulture, and hyena. Such in form were the beings that surrounded their leader, though the demoniac glare of their eyes, and something shadowy and dreamlike in their varying magnitudes, made one think they were something different from what they outwardly seemed.

Without a word the demon-king addressed himself to the work of attack, and his savage helpers hissed and roared and yelled, as impatient for the fray. Our young warriors, too, summoned up all their courage, and confronted the foe. They had no missiles for attack, but they prepared to defend themselves as best they might. I could see, however, that those who had listened most to the harpies of Appetite and the perroquets of Desire, seemed to have least power to defend themselves against these new foes; while to those who had striven most against their former troublers, little white-winged messengers of Paradise speaking encouragement and breathing in strength—and those to whom they spoke would look beyond and above the demon-host. Their lips would move an instant, and their hands would clutch tighter the sword and the shield. The leader began by sending in his allies. He had marked the weaker members of the pilgrim company, and seemed to point each demon to its own object of attack.

There was a fearful sound of onset, and then all the field was confusion. The combatants were mingled in deadly strife. Each was engaged for life or death—the issue of the terrible melee. I could only listen to the noise of the battle, till the voice of the de-

mon-king was heard, cheering on his hell-hounds. Then he himself commenced throwing his deadly darts. I caught a clearer view of the field. Wilfred was down. The rhinoceros had gored him with his horn. He had turned on Arthur, but Arthur held him stoutly at bay. The tiger had torn off Orson's breast-plate, and the blood was spouting from his chest. But Ernest had beaten off the tiger's attack on him, and stood ready for another foe. A serpent had stung Bertha, and the vulture had swooped down on Olivia, and was tearing its way to her heart. But little Blanche, for her part, had trodden the serpent under her foot; and Constance had so wounded the constrictor, that he fled yelling back to his lord. Gentle Agatha, after beating off her own assailants, was endeavoring to staunch the wounds and minister to the wants of her fellow-pilgrims. But the law of this warfare was that he who was once wounded imbibed something of the nature of the being who had wounded him. Bertha had become envious and a slanderer, Olivia discontented and morose. Orson had the reasonless rage of the tiger, and Wilfred the obstinate malice of the rhinoceros. The Demon was pleased with his first success, and sent some of his pages to secure the fallen, and bear them away to his prisons, where many victims of the serpent, the vulture, and the tiger, are already confined.

But seven of the knights were still standing on the plain. He would redouble his efforts to destroy them. He called off his beasts, but faster and faster flew the poisoned javelins from his hand. The knights held up their shields and repelled his darts and the arrows of his followers, for the most part with success. But after awhile one of them, named Hu-

bert, received a slight wound with a dart, to which he had not been quick enough in turning his shield; and Oswald, another, seemed to show signs of exhaustion. I saw the dark host preparing for a rush. As they came on, Hubert turned to flee, and the fiend transfixd him, for the knights have no armor for the back. And a wrestler in his train closed with Oswald, getting within his guard. Oswald might have resisted at arm's length, but he could not withstand so intimate a fiend. This sturdy wrestler hath overcome many. His name is Selfishness. Hubert had been wounded with the javelin of Doubt, and now was transfixd with the spear of Unbelief. But Arthur and Ernest stood unshaken, and Blanche, with her friend Constance at her side, and Agatha, a good soldier in this warfare; and they dealt such valiant blows at the demons, that they bore them back in spite of all their power. And now they in their turn advanced, the dauntless five, with brandished swords and resolute brows. The dark ones did not tarry their assault, but hurried away over the desert, carrying with them their last two prisoners, and soon disappeared in the haze. The knights knelt down upon the plain and thanked God for their safety; and the white-winged messengers, hovering round them, seemed to fill their souls with thoughts of comfort and of peace.

For many days now the young pilgrims passed on their way almost unmolested. The savage haunters of the wilderness prowled round them at times, but saw no prospect of success in attacking them. The sandstorms of the desert at times threatened to overwhelm them; but they remained safe under the protection of their Lord. They were endeared to each other by the perils they had passed through

together. In watching them some days afterward, I found them mated, Blanche with Ernest, and Arthur with Constance, sharing the trials of their life-pilgrimage, and relieving, with the tenderness of a true soul-union, the sad memory of their lost companions and the melancholy of the desert way. As for Agatha, she found afterward a companion in a youth named Ambrose, who came as the leader of a band of pilgrims, and who had been successful in persuading some to quit the bower of pleasure and even the hall of mammon, to tread the path to the Celestial City. To him Agatha proved a perfect help-meet; and much fewer of the band at whose head they marched were carried off by the way, than of those whose fortunes we have been following.

To look at our pilgrims again. They have nearly passed the desert. They are entering the belt of fertile land beyond. It is the country of which a former pilgrim has left record, the Land of Beulah, from whose eminences the domes and towers of the Beautiful City can plainly be descried. Our pilgrims greatly enjoyed the peace and quiet of this later portion of their journey, and the prospect of its constantly approaching goal. Ambrose and his company, who had joined them in the desert, were with them in their journey through this pleasant land. It is true, the Bedouin Norsemen of the desert sometimes make a foray up to the very gates of the Golden City, and swoop down upon carelessly walking knights; but those who are found there are of course veterans, and generally on their guard. They did carry off one or two of Ambrose's flock, back to the desert, into captivity. But those in whom we are specially interested scarcely saw the flashing of their scymetars, or heard the tramping of their steeds.

It was now the last of Autumn. The yellow leaves were falling from the trees. The declining sun was throwing long shadows over the track of the pilgrims toward the east, when a weary company, faint and footsore, came to the verge of a mist-covered sea. Far beyond it, full in sight whenever the mists parted a moment, the walls of the Beautiful City rose, fairer than ever yet they had seemed—the refuge of the tired wanderers, the city of their home. So long their thoughts had there been fixed, so long their hearts dwelt on that haven of rest, that all their souls seemed to go out in longing across that veiled sea. And yet there seemed no means of crossing. Their steps were halted on the brink. There seemed no remedy but patience. They waited their Lord's will. One by one they laid them down upon the verge and slept. It was sweet to see the sleep of each tired wayfarer, to see the features relax from the care and strife of the journey, to see their placidness and peace and calm. Soon the play of muffled oars was seen, and a ship came noiseless across the silent sea. Angel forms lifted the pilgrims in, still sleeping, and the ship slid noiseless across the mist-covered sea. And I saw in my dream, and they neared the opposite shore. And the sound of a trumpet awoke them that slumbered on board, and the bells sounded clear in the morning, in the celestial Spring. And the King stood and welcomed His faithful ones. And the shining hosts awaited them on the shore. And the faces of Arthur and Ernest, of Blanche and Constance, of Ambrose and Agatha, seemed transfigured in the glory of that day. The battered armor and the travel-stained garments were laid aside, and they received the spotless Robe and the Palm Branch and the Crown. And while the escorting host received them into its

ranks of bliss, their voices joined exultant in the song that swelled on high :

Here is rest for the weary ; the travel-worn feet

No longer shall toil through the dust and the heat ;

The tiring arms, aching, no longer shall wield

The ponderous armor, the sword, and the shield.

Here is peace for the struggling, the conflict is o'er ;

The foe shall assail them and tempt them no more ;

The passions within them their tumult shall cease,

And in heaven's own calmness their souls be at peace.

Here is balm for the sorrowing ; sadness and pain,

And sighing, shall flee from the Saviour's domain ;

All wounds of the spirit His hand shall allay,
And the tears of the mourners shall God wipe away.

Here is joy for the steadfast ; in raiment of white,

They shall feast at the banquet, and walk in the light ;

And, with angels and saints, to golden harps sing

The praise of their Captain, Redeemer, and King.

Here are crowns for the victors ; the palm and the throne,

And the word of the Monarch, " faithful servant, well done ;

Full long thou hast borne the cross and the sword,

Now enter the glory and joy of thy Lord."

Blessed peace ! after battle and conflict and strife

Blessed rest ! by the fair-flowing waters of life

Blessed fruits ! from the tree that in Paradise stood

Blessed home ! with the saints in the presence of God.

"So I woke, and wished myself among them."

Never purchase friends by gifts, for if you cease to give, they will cease to love.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

NORSE LEGENDS.

Mrs. Henderson kept a few boarders every Summer at her pleasant house at L——, and we who were fortunate enough to eat her delicious peaches and drink of her excellent coffee, remember those days well, and not only the days, but the congenial people we always met there, and the pleasant evenings we used to spend together. Whether out of doors or in, we always managed to enjoy ourselves.

I remember one evening last Summer, when it was rather cool, too cool, it was thought, to sit out of doors according to our usual custom, so we took refuge in the parlor. Lights were voted out immediately, and songs and stories voted in for the evening's entertainment.

'Well, which shall we have first?' asked Arthur, after we were all comfortably settled in the various easy-chairs and on the broad, old-fashioned sofa. 'Shall we induce Miss Florence to play us some of her soft, lovely music, or get Will to give us one of his ghost stories, and make our "blood stand on end" and our "hair run cold in our veins"?'

Will protested that he had pampered our unhealthy appetites for ghost stories every cool evening that Summer, and he thought now it was some one else's turn to tell a story.

Miss Florence agreed that if some one would only begin with a story, she would give us 'Auld Robin Gray' and 'The Girl I left behind me,' and all our various favorites, before bed-time came.

The Professor ventured to propose readings; but readings involved the lights, and the suggestion was cried down with such spirit that the unhappy father of it was glad to hide his diminished head in the darkness, and

would probably not have uttered another word for the rest of the night, if some one had not said that 'now was the time, not to read, but to bring out the result of one's readings.'

At this happy idea Miss Florence said

'O Professor Smith, do tell us some of those stories from Norse mythology you were speaking of the other day. It is just the very time for something wild and viking.'

'I am afraid,' said the Professor, 'that everybody has not been reading "Afraja" as lately as you have; but if you like, I will tell you an old story—not mythological exactly—that I found in my prowlings at the library a few days before I left town.'

'O do,' we all exclaimed.

And the Professor began:

'It was some time in the middle of the fourteenth century, when that horrible plague known as the "black death" swept over the countries of Norway and Sweden with such violence that not a city or hamlet was left untouched by its destroying breath. Sometimes whole villages were stricken down, and not one inhabitant left to tell the dreadful tale. There is a story current now in Norway of some Englishmen, who with their guide went as long ago as the last century up among the pine woods in a certain district in Norway for the purpose of shooting. One of the party strayed from the others, and was soon alone in the forest, where the network of boughs was so thick as to make it impossible for him to see any distance before him. For some time he wandered on in the semi-darkness, till before him, through the branches, something, the shape of which he could not determine, caught his eye. He fired, and the ball hit, not a living

thing, but a hard substance. It might have been the trunk of a tree ; but an idea possessed the young man's mind that it was something else ; and something else indeed he found it, for when he had gone a few paces more he distinctly discerned a wall. It proved to be the wall of a church. It was not difficult to make an entrance by the half decayed door. It must have seemed wonderful and strange to that man to be standing there alone, surrounded by the walls which had probably not echoed the sound of a human footstep for centuries.

'The building was said to be in the style of the fourteenth century, and some lettering with dates inside the church confirmed the opinion that the edifice had been built at that time or earlier. It seems that no one then living knew of its existence, for the forest had rarely been penetrated to that distance, and the whole building was so completely screened in boughs as to be scarcely visible.

'The conjecture was that at the time of the plague probably the whole village had been swept away, and its very existence forgotten by the rest of the world.'

'Is that all ?' asked Miss Florence, as the Professor stopped.

'Yes, all that I know of it,' he answered.

'Do you say this is true ?' some one asked.

'I cannot vouch for the truth of any of those old legends, but it has possibility on its side, and the story is told by one or two eminent writers.'

'I wonder if the church is standing yet,' said Miss Florence.

'If it is I propose that we have it brought over here and put in the Metropolitan Museum or some such place,' said Arthur. 'What can't be done in the cause of science and art and archæology and surroundings, count for

nothing. We have learned that from the transportation of Cleopatra's Needle.'

'O Arthur, you do talk such nonsense. Professor Smith, do tell us some more.'

'Well,' said the Professor, rather flattered, I fancy, by Miss Florence's eagerness, 'speaking of that dreadful time of the plague, there was another story of an isolated village in the same part of Norway, where but one person was spared from the dreadful death. This was a young girl. The disease broke out in the neighborhood with great violence, and one by one her friends died ; then her father and her mother, her seven brothers and her only sister. She at last was taken sick, and suffered, she could not tell how long. At length her strength returned to her, and without a human hand to help her, or a human voice to comfort, she day by day grew strong. But there was not one living soul in all the town, and the unburied corpses lay in every house and on every street. In an agony of despair and terror she fled from the frightful scene, and into the woods. Her reason must have forsaken her at this time, and for years she wandered about, Summer and Winter alike, sheltered only by the boughs of the trees, making her home in the deep snows, and feeding upon the berries and twigs which she could find.

'There is a bird which inhabits the northern countries of Europe, and I believe it is found in some parts of British America. I fancy you know of it, Arthur—a sort of grouse, which in Winter changes its plumage to snowy white. The Norwegians call it *rype*. It wanders in the woods in the severest Winter weather, and nestles in the snow. Well, in her fancy this poor girl took herself for one of these birds, or so the people believed

who found her, after she had lived in this way for some years. These good folk took her home, and by kindness and care at length restored her to health and reason. She remembered well all her life up to the terrible time when she fled from the village, but after that she knew nothing of the days. It was a great wonder that she could have lived out of doors during the intense cold of the Northern Winter; but it must have been so, as when she was found the plague had not for three or four years been heard of in the land.'

'O is that story true?' asked Miss Florence.

'I don't know,' said the Professor; 'but there are still people in Norway who claim to be the descendants of that same woman. She married, it is said, and lived to a very remarkable age, and told this tale of her early life many times to her children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and her descendants still have for their crest a white grouse.'

'There is another Norwegian legend, isn't there, about a bird, or some one turning into a bird? Or what is it?' asked Mrs. Henderson.

'Do you mean the one about the woman, who when our Saviour was on earth, refused to give Him food, and in punishment for her selfishness was turned into a woodpecker, and flew up out of the chimney? Her name, they say, was Gertrude, and in Norway the red-headed woodpecker is always called Gertrude's bird.'

'O yes, I think that is the one I have heard,' said Mrs. Henderson.

'Hasn't some one put that into poetry?' asked Will.

'Yes, that is one of Phœbe Cary's poems for children,' answered Miss Florence. 'I learned it once to repeat in school; but she tells it as one of the

legends about St. Peter—don't you know?'

'Once, when the good St. Peter
Lived in the world below,
And walked about it, preaching,
Just as he did, you know;

'He came to the door of a cottage,
In travelling round the earth,
Where a little woman was baking cakes
In the ashes on the hearth.

'So she made a very little cake;
But as it baking lay,
She looked at it, and thought it seemed
Too large to give away.

'Therefore she kneaded another,
And still a smaller one;
But it looked, when she turned it over,
As large as the first had done.

'Then she took up a tiny scrap of dough,
And rolled and rolled it flat;
And baked it thin as a wafer—
But she couldn't part with that.

'For she said "My cakes, that seem so small
When I eat them myself,
Are yet too large to give away,"
So she put them on a shelf.

'Then good St. Peter grew angry,
For he was hungry and faint;
And surely such a woman
Was enough to provoke a saint.

'And he said "You are far too selfish
To dwell in human form,
To have both food and shelter,
And fire to keep you warm.

"Now you shall build as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring, and boring, and boring,
All day in the hard, dry wood."

'Then she went up through the chimney,
Never speaking a word;
And out of the top flew a woodpecker;
For she was changed to a bird.

'She had a scarlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same;
But all the rest of her clothes were burned
Black as a coal in the flame.

'And every country school-boy
Has seen her in the wood;
Where she lives in the trees to this very day,
Boring and boring for food.'

'O but you left out the moral,' exclaimed Arthur.

'I thought the moral was evident enough without burdening you with any more verses; but,' she continued,

'don't you know any more shuddery sort of stories to tell us, Professor Smith?'

'I don't think of any just now, and I believe I have done as much in that line as the company care to hear; and now, if it isn't asking too much, wont you give us "Auld Robin Gray"?''

Miss Florence sang in her sweet, clear voice, 'Auld Robin Gray,' and all the rest of our favorites, and then Arthur marched us off to bed—for the clock had struck eleven—with 'Bran-ckion's Band.'

The last words Miss Florence said, as she ascended the stairs, were, 'There wasn't a single Viking in anything Professor Smith told us, and I do like Vikings so much.'

'We'll just insist on having a few next time,' said Will. 'Do you hear your fate, Professor Smith? You are to think up some Vikings to tell us about, the next cool evening.'

IN HER LOT ON GOD'S EARTH.

[Concluded.]

Poor Septimus has had such trials, which are not ended, for we must leave this house at Lady Day, and go to the little rooms over the shop. Well, they will be nearer the business for Septimus; and Johnnie has gone to be carried in the Good Shepherd's bosom, and will not miss such light and space as he had here—the back green, which was green fields to him, and the ivy-leaves that served him for flowers. I had not time to rear even the commonest. Ah, dear, I thought I should make that and everything else up to him; and his father believed that Johnnie would grow up a fine man, to utter his protest against tyrants, and herald the reign of political truth and freedom, whenever that may come.'

Cassandra was not an entire convert to her husband's opinions, though she was less of a Conservative than many women. Good, easy-tempered as she was, she was passionately indignant with wrongdoers of every description. She sympathized deeply with the sufferers of wrong, and with her husband

as a chief sufferer. She was proudly convinced of the purity of his motives. She was even a little vain of his martyrdom, and of her share in it.

'I don't care though everybody knows that I have never any better stuff than bombasate and calicot for my gowns now,' she was inclined to boast; 'it is better that the public should rob me than that I should rob the public. I should not mind either that people were aware how plain we have to live, how I am parting with Molly Tuck, my last maid (I began housekeeping with three and a man or two), because I cannot afford her wages; and I am able for all the little work in the rooms we're going to. One mouth less is a consideration, when we can no longer have butcher meat every day, and must drink nothing save water. I daresay, the world rolling in abundance and gnashing its teeth at us Jacobins, guesses that also. Let it guess, but don't let anybody pity me with my Roman republican of a husband, sacrificing himself for his creed, and in order to inform and civilize the most brutal of the mob, who scoff at him, and would crush him in their self-destructive blindness. I won't have anybody's pity, I count myself clear above it. So I'm glad that I chance to thrive like the Hebrew youths on their pulse and water, and that it comes natural to me to wash my face and anoint my head when I fast, otherwise I should be ashamed to be fat and fair, while my poor, good man is as brown and shrivelled as a mummy, though he must allow himself his share in the jug of beer which he is forced to offer to a friend and customer—that is not often, granting that politics is a thirsty trade—nor in most cases is the friend without need of the beer.'

In spite of the vindication of her position, Mrs. Fuller was only an advanced liberal of the eighteenth century—a liberal before her time.

It was not in her character to look out for abuses and to sit in judgment on them, even in order to make the world better. She was more inclined to take all the good she could get in existing institutions, and to make the best of them. Cassandra's hand, left to itself, would not have been the one to fling the torch of civil war into the

Church in which she had been brought up, and in connection with which she had affectionate recollections of fatherly rectors and brotherly curates, however changed their faces might have become to her. So far as vehement opposition to the Church of England went, she was but a lukewarm dissenter. In this respect she incurred from some of her husband's friends the open accusation of being a false sister, hankering after the fleshpots of Egypt, and looking back to the towers of Sodom.

'As if fleshpots had not grown very scarce to Septimus and me,' she protested, with her inextinguishable humor; 'and as if I had not always preferred the country to the town.'

Cassandra forgave—the more freely and generously that her eyes were open—what was intemperate and stubborn in her husband's conduct. He got over his violent fit of grief for his son, and was so borne along on another track that after a few years he almost started when he found that his wife still hoarded a lock of soft, thin, flaxen hair, and still visited, at set times, a mound in the crowded churchyard. She said, calmly and gently, that it was no wonder that Septimus should partly forget; it was a mercy that men did not feel exactly as women felt, for men had enough of other burdens.

Septimus Fuller held his head erect, and was determined not to shut his shop, with its liberal publications, till he had spent his last penny. He was ready to starve with his wife. He did not mind, though he were hustled in some of the Greenwich crowds in election times and at public rejoicings, particularly by the old pensioners, dockyard men, and naval tavern frequenters, who hated all dogmas except the dogma of obedience to the powers that be, and conceived that they had a special call to stand up to and pound a factious land-lubber in the noble cause of Church and State.

Septimus did not care, though he saw his effigy in Quaker-like hat, and shoes as Quaker-like in their broad points, in checked neckerchief, and coat without a collar, set up beside the effigy of his wife in her light printed cotton gown, and a round cap, shading in an unsubstantial fashion a figure and face which were dragged and

watery-looking in their old full comeliness. Septimus could stand the spectacle of these representatives, though the ugly mockery was followed by the uglier end of burning, amidst howls and hootings.

It is creditable that Septimus could have borne greater extremities had they been tried. He might have endured to have had himself and his wife trodden to jelly in the mire, or their morsel of a house adjoining the shop set on fire as a den of pestilential treason, and the couple (for Septimus had no longer any reason to keep a shopboy) suffocated and roasted together like beasts of prey, with regard to which it is no cruelty to drag burning brushwood to the mouths of their holes, and to gloat over the enemies of men perishing without the chance of escape.

Septimus held his head erect, and strode defiantly along the street. But his head was grey before its time, his gait was broken, and his back was bent. Even his earnest, tenacious temper (he had never been cheerful and hopeful like Cassandra) had become morose and stern. This soured, almost monomaniacal man was nearly the sole associate of his more patient, more reasonable wife. Her patience found its perfection in her relation to him. 'I have nobody but Septimus to attend to,' she said, taking pathetic comfort out of her losses, 'and he is so worthy of attention. I don't mean to say that he has been altogether right, or that he has made the people so much wiser and better by forcing on them knowledge which they could not apprehend, and which most of them did not wish to have, about unfair taxes, iniquity in high places, sinecures in the offices of statesmen, and of benefited clergymen, who are not like my man, and who never think of their duty. The question is not of what is purely right, but of what Septimus believed to be right. For this he has given everything and borne everything, and so taught the people a lesson of unworldliness, if naught else.'

Cassandra became very skilful in soothing her husband's asperity and cheering his gloom. Her great triumph was when she could entice him into a return of his old eagerness and energy. Every disappointment would

then be forgotten. He would repeat eloquently his old, half-chimerical prophecies of free parliaments, cheap bread, universal knowledge, and in the honest fire of his predictions, would half believe that they were already accomplished.

'Ay, Septimus,' his confident would echo his exultations; 'please God, freedom and plenty and truth will reign one day, when there shall be an heap of corn in the earth high upon the hills, and God's fruit shall shake like Libanus, and shall be green in the city like grass upon the earth.'

A sister of Mrs. Fuller visited her toward the close of her life, and was disposed to lament bitterly her reduced circumstances.

'You never confessed to us how ill off you were, Cassie,' complained the half-aggrieved prosperous kinswoman.

Cassandra stared in sheer amazement. 'Ill off! sister. What do you mean? What put such nonsense into your head? I was never more comfortable in my life. We need so little, and it is so easy to do everything for one's self and one's husband, so much easier than directing and keeping in order, and finding fault even with so good a servant as my old Molly. A small suite of rooms is so snug, and can be so easily made bright—why a morsel of green baize and red curtain, and a few bits of earthenware, will make it bright enough for a queen. I often wonder how I could put up with—not to say prefer—a great rambling house and flights of stairs; but, to be sure, my joints were not so stiff then.'

'You were so fond of pets and flowers, Cassie,' her sister persisted in reproaching the delinquent.

'So I am still,' proclaimed Cassandra undauntedly; 'and haven't I them?' pointing conclusively to a caged linnet and a box with gillflowers and carnations in the window. 'There is not such a singer as that in Greenwich. I never knew such a birdie, and I am sure I never had such flowers. I can tell you, the passers-by in the street stop and look up at these flowers, and the neighbors beg for a single head to put in a hand, or in a buttonhole, when a lad or a lass goes a-junketing. I reared them every one without an interloper, and I know them every one. What is more,

Septimus knows them, though he didn't ever use to notice the highest rows of sunflowers or hollyhocks when we were at Maymead or Dairy Farm.'

A NARROW ESCAPE.

I remember an incident which took place at a kraal at Kornegal, between Colombo and Kandy. Amongst the decoy elephants was a splendid fellow, belonging to the temple of Buddha at Kandy. He was one of the finest I have ever seen, measuring upwards of eleven feet in height, with a pair of tusks that would have made Gordon Cumming go crazy about. He was always rather queer-tempered, perhaps from being made so much of as a temple elephant; and fears were entertained that his behavior might be bad, and that the sight of so many old companions in a wild state might injuriously affect him. The result may be anticipated. In the middle of the day, and in the height of the excitement, when many elephants had been secured, a wild trumpeting was heard, and presently all eyes were turned downward from the crows' nests to witness the spectacle of the temple elephant in full chase of his driver, who had given him some cause for provocation. The man held his own gallantly for a time only, just out of reach of the elephant's trunk; still there appeared hopes that he would gain the jungle and set his pursuer at defiance. All of a sudden he was seen to fall, having stumbled over the projecting root of a tree. In an instant the elephant, mad with rage, had gone on his knees, and to all appearance had impaled the unfortunate man. A shriek burst from all present, who were sickened at a sight which so miserably marred the otherwise successful issue of the day. But what was our joy when the man was seen to wriggle himself out from between the tusks of the beast, regain his feet, and before his adversary could extricate his tusks from the ground, again continue his flight. He was, however, pressed closely, but managed to reach a deep, narrow, and dry water-course, covered with thorns and briers, into which he immediately threw himself. The elephant kept hunting him by scent from above in a most clever manner; but ultimately we had the

pleasure of seeing the poor fellow emerge a hundred yards below his pursuer, and gain a place of safety. The elephant eventually had to be destroyed, as the day's proceedings had made him irreclaimably savage and dangerous.—*Chambers's Journal*,

[For the Church Monthly Magazine.]

NOTES FROM NATURE.

May 18th.—Glancing from the window of the breakfast-room this morning, we noticed, against a background of Norway spruces, small white particles drifting steadily past, which we supposed to be the bloom from the cherry trees, till the recollection that there were no blossoming trees of any kind in that direction led to a closer inspection of the flying particles, and they proved to be *insects* drifting in clouds before the breeze. Later in the day we discovered that the side of a building which impeded their progress was thickly covered with them, so that we had ample opportunity for a nearer investigation, and found them to be the young of the common *ant*, enjoying their brief holiday. Many had already dropped their wings, and were crawling wildly in all directions. How strange it seems that their pinions should only be used to transport them to a distance from the parent home, and when that is accomplished, they only seem anxious to be rid of them as quickly as possible, even tearing them off for themselves and each other. But doubtless it is a wise provision of Providence for enabling the young thus to migrate and form new colonies. Otherwise we might be overrun to such an extent that means would have to be employed for their extermination.

I have often noticed their flights in previous years, but never, I think, so early; but this year the seasons seem to be following the example of some of our monthly publications, which

appear a fortnight before the arrival of the date on the cover. The flowers are pushing on with such frightful rapidity that one cannot help thinking a vacant fortnight will be left at the close of Autumn, or else that the Winter will come unusually early.

I lately spent a day in a Connecticut town, and the pond-lilies had already appeared on the street as early as May 29th—something very unusual. As the boy strolled past me through the noisy thoroughfare, his hands and basket filled with great clusters of the snowy cups, with their green setting and golden fringes, I could not but think of captive princesses, and Zenobia of old, condemned to take part in a Roman triumph. I tried to imagine their feelings and impressions, thus torn from their sylvan solitudes to be exposed on the public streets, or, like fair Circassian slaves, in the market. But nowadays it is with many a woodland flower as with many a rustic maiden—one is as likely to be met with in the heart of civilization as the other. The shy May-flower and retiring water-lily may now be seen in Broadway, and few places now so rural that none of its inhabitants have any knowledge of city places or ways. Alas, that it should be so!

The tulip trees are now lofty towers of bloom, but the flowers are apt to be so far out of reach that I find few people familiar with their appearance. We have, however, found many perfect ones on the ground—the stalk evidently bitten off, probably by the squirrels, which abound here, and do much mischief. There is a small bird-house on the premises, at the top of a lofty pole, of which they have for years had full possession; and it is a funny sight to see, as we have sometimes, bushy tails whisking around the corners and down the chimney, and heads appearing at all the doors

and windows. Nothing is molested here, and so they thrive and do all the mischief they will, even nibbling the unripe fruit and throwing it down on our heads ; but the depredation with which I have least patience is their destruction, in common with the crow, of all the birds' eggs in the neighborhood.

Last season, though we discovered nests almost daily, yet we knew of but one instance in which the young were safely reared (always excepting the wrens), and this season nests are so scarce I can almost fancy the birds have been discouraged from building altogether, though they seem as plentiful as ever. The little song sparrow still persists in putting her nest and fragile eggs directly on the ground, and seems to desert it the moment it has been noticed. We found one in the strawberry-bed last Spring, with five eggs, and two much larger ones lying close beside, as if ejected by the rightful owner. I had forgotten the well-established fact that the cow-bunting never builds a nest, but lays her eggs in those of other and generally *smaller* birds, till reminded of it by noticing for several days last Summer a chipping sparrow hopping about the gravel, attended by a clumsy-looking young bird, nearly twice its own size, in whose bill from time to time it inserted dainty morsels. Truly, the student of nature is never at a loss for something curious and interesting.

June 8th.—Summer is fast stepping onward over the daisy-covered sward, where the watercourses are outlined by the blue Isis, and the wild roses begin to blush at her approach. Let us enjoy the verdure while we may, for rumors reach us on all sides of the near approach of the dreaded army worm, for the first symptoms of which we are anxiously watching. Meanwhile I will close with the following quota-

tion from a delightful little book which I am reading anew, by L. H. Grindon, entitled "Echoes in Plant and Flower Life":

"It is one of the specially charming attributes of Nature that her best and loveliest things, her most entertaining riddles and her quaintest fancies, all lie ready for the earnest inquirer and the desire to possess. There is no monopoly of the things of the kingdom of God, nor is there any oligarchy in the control of them, whether it be truths for solace of heart, or objects made to gladden the understanding. They are every man's, without money and without price. Emerson tells us that no man holds the title-deeds to nature's great estate ; equally true is it that every one who cares may have a sight of the phenomena I have mentioned. Every boy who has a flower-pot, every girl who has a parlor window where geraniums are permitted, or better still, privilege to use a little greenhouse, may cultivate and call these pretty curiosities their own ; may sow the seeds or plant the slips, and watch them grow, and find, after half a lifetime, that in renewing the little experiment (like opening the pages of some book that thirty years before taught us how to think and how to see) they shall still be an enthusiasm, and the keynote of a poem all unawares made in the mind, though perhaps not a word may be uttered. The true way to be happy in old age is to learn to love such things as these in early youth, always connecting with them reverent thoughts of God's wonderful ways and dealings. Interest in them never departs or fades, though opportunities for the practical enjoyment may be suspended ; and in the end we are like the mountain-ash trees, which flowered over with creamy and odorous clusters in early Summer, though for

awhile afterwards they have little but leaf to exhibit, in Autumn are decked to the utmost fringe and highest pinnacle with glowing scarlet. The time for lofty pleasures never passes away. It is not lapse of years that deprives us of them so much as neglecting to provide a plane for their renewal while we are still in our early vigor."

KELAH.

BISHOPS AND VESTRIES.

Speaking of vestries, this may be a seasonable opportunity for inviting their attention to an evil sometimes done by them, which presses sorely upon the Bishop. It is done thoughtlessly no doubt, but the consequences are all the same. Let me state the case. The rectorship of a parish is vacant. The power to fill it is in the vestry. The power is exercised, and the vacancy is filled, the whole transaction being consummated as though neither the Diocese nor the Bishop had any interest in it. At no stage of it is the Bishop consulted, nor is his advice or approval asked for in any way. The first he hears of it is through outside rumor, and the next he hears is by letter signed by the wardens, informing him that Rev. ——— has been called to the rectorship of ——— parish. The moment he hears of the choice he knows perhaps that a more ill-advised one could hardly have been made. He has the best reasons for believing that the one chosen will not suit the parish, is poorly adapted to the work to be done, or has peculiarities which will create irritation and discord: and yet nothing is left to him but to acquiesce in silence, though quite sure that it will not be long before the vestry will plead with him to devise some means by which they can be relieved from the consequences of their action.

Now there is no question that the power to act independently of the Bishop in choosing a rector is lodged in the vestry. The only question is how the power is to be exercised, under what guidance, subject to what conditions and limitations. Like all other depositaries of power in any sphere of life, it is the duty of a vestry to ascertain how it can be safely

and wisely used. But this cannot be determined until due consideration shall have been given to all the interests to be affected by the exercise of the power. Now a parish is an integral part of the Diocese, and what it does or leaves undone, its growth or decline, its peace or its disorder, its alienation from or its sympathy with the larger life of the Church, profoundly affect the Diocese. One parish badly administered, or led on by unwise counsels, or tempted into factious courses, can mar the peace and disturb the unity of the whole body to which it belongs. Its conflicts, its dissenses and distempers, intrude themselves into Diocesan Conferences, Convocations, and Conventions. The spark kindled in some remote corner expands into the conflagration that wraps the whole field in flame. The Diocese, then, is as deeply, to say the least, concerned in the choice of a rector as the vestry that chooses; and no fair-minded, discreet, loyal vestry can do its duty as it ought without consulting the well-being of the Diocese before consummating so grave an act as the election of a rector.

And then there is the consecrated head of the Diocese—the Bishop, whose views and wishes cannot be ignored without inflicting an injustice upon him, and damage to the interests of which he, beyond any one else, is the authorized guardian. He is responsible for the condition of his Diocese, and largely so for its peace, unity, and prosperity. If disasters arise, if quarrels develop into divisions and factions, if missions languish, and charities decline, and parishes wither, he more than all others perhaps will be held accountable; and when the time comes for distributing the blame, he will get the most of it. To a great extent every general must account for the forces under his command—their discipline, their endurance, their bravery, and activity. But how is he to do this, if he have no part in the selection of his officers, and his camp be crowded with subordinates thrust upon him by an authority which thinks more of its independence than of the needs and perils of the battlefield? The matter is really too obvious to admit of two opinions. Common-sense settles it. A Bishop has a right to be consulted, and to have his ad-

vice respected by every vestry when about to exercise its power in this direction; and for the simple reason that he has a right to participate in the choice of those who are to work under him, and whose work will tell for good or evil upon interests intrusted to his care. I say, has a right; let me not be misunderstood. The Church, like the State, has a common law as well as statute law. All the authority it confers upon its Bishop is not written out into canonical enactments. Canons limit and define, but do not create Episcopal authority. That authority was operative before canons were made. It is expected to assert itself in emergencies for which the law makes no provision, and it may justly claim to be heard in many matters for which the law has provided. It is bound by the law, but the law is also bound to be so interpreted and applied as not to deprive it of certain rights and powers of administration inherent in its commission, and which, as canons did not give, so canons cannot take away. One of these rights, one of these powers, is infringed at a most vital point by every instance of isolated and independent action on the part of vestries in the choice of rectors.—*Bishop Littlejohn's Convention Address.*

[For The Church Monthly Magazine.]

POOR LAME BLACKKEY.

The house in which Jeanie Granger lived stood near the centre of a large plantation. She could walk for miles and miles and never go off of her father's place. You must not think, however, that she and her father and mother and brothers and sisters were the only people who lived on this large plantation. Not at all. There were a great many log-cabins, where the negroes lived who did the work on this large farm and in "the house," as Mr. Granger's home was always called.

It is not about the beautiful house, however, with its broad galleries covered with vines, or about the garden filled with all kinds of lovely flowers, or about the beautiful woods where

great swings were hung between the trees, that I am going to tell you, but about Jeanie's pet chicken, Lame Blackey.

You see Blackey (who was named so because she always looked as if she had just come out of an ink-bath) was one of a brood of ten lively, healthy little chickens, who all walked off the nest one fine Spring morning for their first airing, with their mother, Mrs. Speckle.

Mrs. Speckle clucked and clucked all the time, as though she had fifty instead of ten small chickens to care for. She made more noise in the barn-yard than all the rest of the hens (and roosters) put together. She was very proud of such beautiful children as she had to take about with her, and she wanted everybody to notice them, and she clucked and clucked so loud and long that Sport, the big black Newfoundland dog, came to see what could be the matter. He no sooner saw these ten beautiful little balls of down, and heard them peep, than he thought what an excellent plaything one of them would make for him; so off he ran as quick as possible, and tried to catch one of them. There was more peeping and clucking than ever then, and the poor little things ran as fast as their tiny red legs would carry them; but do the best they could, they could not all get out of his way. Sport caught one dear little black chicken in his mouth, and would have killed it if Jeanie had not just then come running into the barn-yard and seen what he was about.

'Drop it! drop it right away, you naughty dog,' she said; 'don't you know any better than to catch my nice little chickens? If you do so again you will have to be whipped, you naughty Sport.'

Sport dropped the little chicken

right away, and ran off with his tail between his legs, looking as though he was very much ashamed of himself.

Jeanie picked up the chicken which Sport had let fall. The poor little thing was peeping piteously; but she took it up in her hand and ran to the house with it, to show it to her sister.

'Why, Jeanie, what have you got there? O the poor little creature,' said sister Mattie, 'I reckon one of its legs is broken.'

Jeanie told the story of its misfortune, and Mattie got a basket and filled it with soft cotton, and put little chickie in it, and set it by the hearth in the dining-room, where a bright fire was blazing. Notwithstanding the fire was bright and warm, and the cotton very soft and nice, chickie would keep popping its head out of the basket, and peeping so loud that it made everybody who heard it feel very sorry for it.

Jeanie kept running in from her play every little while to see if it was not getting better. Finally she took it up in her two fat little hands and held it very gently, and chickie seemed to feel so contented and happy that she held it a long time, and when she went to put it down in the basket again it began to peep just as it had done before, and seemed to ask to be held. Jeanie took it up again, and carried it around with her almost all day. After that chickie, or Lame Blackey, as it was named, seemed to think that its place was in Jeanie's arms, and would fly up into her lap or on her shoulder any time it could. After a few days it got so that it would follow her all around, just as a dog might, and wherever about the place Jeanie was found there little Lame Blackey was sure to be too.

Though Lame Blackey grew to be quite a large hen before the Summer

was over, she never could walk without limping. She never grew to be very handsome either, but everybody said that she knew more than any hen on the plantation, and I think you will say so too when I tell you how she was once the means of saving Jeanie from great danger.

It was one warm day in early September; some of the grown-up people were rocking in the cool rattan chairs on the shady side of the gallery, while others had stretched themselves in hammocks, and were waving great Japanese fans, and reading. Jeanie did not like lying down, or even keeping quiet in the shade, and so she was left to amuse herself alone; or not exactly alone, either, for Lame Blackey was with her and Rose, to whom Mrs. Granger had given strict charges that Miss Jeanie was not to be taken to any dangerous places, but to be kept as much as possible out of the sun.

There was one place that Jeanie loved to go; that was down by a great stone between two oak trees. Jeanie would sometimes play that the great stone was a throne, and that she was a queen; and sometimes she would play that Rose was queen, and would crown her black woolly head with a wreath of oak-leaves or wild flowers. Sometimes the stone served as a table, which Jeanie would spread with acorn cups and saucers, filled with water from a clear, beautiful brook which ran close by, and with wild berries that grew not far away. This was the spot in which Jeanie decided to spend her afternoon. Rose and Lame Blackey seemed to like it too, for both of them followed Jeanie's lead down through the orchard and over the little bridge. At length they reached the oaks, and stayed a long time in their cool shade. Jeanie was very quiet that day, and spent most of her time in making a beautiful oak-

leaf wreath, which, when done, was to be festooned from tree to tree, and would make this favorite spot more beautiful than ever, she thought.

Jeanie was so remarkably quiet over her work, and Lame Blackey pecked around so noiselessly, that after awhile Rose fell asleep. She had not been asleep long, however, when Jeanie became tired of making her long wreath, and thought she would go and sail her acorn cups in the brook instead; so off she ran, and Lame Blackey hobbled along after her.

For a long time Jeanie played in the cool water of the brook, and by and by she thought she would follow one of her acorn boats, just to see how far it would go safely. On and on it went, she and Lame Blackey keeping pace with it, and it never once upset all the long way till it got to the creek, and then it tipped over entirely, and Jeanie lost sight of it. She did not care for that, however, for it was so beautiful down there, and so cool, that she decided she would just sit on the bank and look down in the water to see if she could see any fish; but there was brother Jim's boat tied to a tree; it would be a great deal nicer to sit in that; so, without thinking any more about it, she jumped in, and left Lame Blackey to do as best she might on shore.

O it was delightful to be in the boat on the clear water, and under the shade of the willow boughs. Jeanie rocked the boat from side to side, never seeing as she did so that the rope, which was not fastened very securely, was fast becoming untied, and the boat was drifting away from the shore and far out into the stream.

When Jeanie discovered that the boat was no longer fast, but was quietly floating out into deep water, she did not know what to do. She

knew that only a little way from where she now was there was a steep precipice over which the water fell. She called loudly to Rose, but Rose she had left far behind, and besides, it was very likely that she was still asleep, and Jeanie knew how hard it was to wake any of the negroes. Then she called Uncle Gabe as loud as she could, for she remembered that his cabin was pretty near the shore; but she could not make him hear either.

By this time Lame Blackey seemed to know that something was wrong, and she made a great fuss, caw-cawing, and making a great deal of noise, and finally, flapping her wings, she ran as fast as her poor lame leg would allow, back to Rose, trying, if ever a hen did try, to wake her, and whether Rose was about waking herself up when Blackey reached her, or whether the hen pecked her or made a great deal of noise near her ears, I do not know; but it is very certain that in a moment more she was following Lame Blackey down to the water's edge as fast as she could go, and screaming with all her might when she saw how far out the boat had drifted; for she too remembered the waterfall, and knew if the boat were to go over it, it would be sure to upset.

After awhile her cries were heard by some of the men who were working in a field not far away, and they came to see what was the matter, and reached the bank of the creek, not before Jeanie in her boat had floated far down the stream. One of the men jumped in and swam to the boat, caught the rope in his teeth just before it had reached the place where the water fell.

He succeeded in dragging the boat ashore, and poor Rose, half crying and half laughing, took Jeanie up in her great black arms and tried to comfort the little girl, but Jeanie was

so thoroughly frightened that she cried as though her heart would break. Her little white dress was all wet and soiled, she had lost her sun bonnet, and was not to be comforted by anything that could be done.

Jeanie was a great pet in the family, and I cannot tell you how happy everybody felt to see her safe home again when they heard of the narrow escape she had had, and Lame Blackey squawked delightedly, as though she understood all about it.

Mrs. Granger was very sorry to hear how careless Rose had been; but when Rose described to her in such a funny way how she had been waked up by Lame Blackey, every one was so much interested, and laughed so much over it, that Jeanie's mother forgot to scold Rose, and only thought how thankful she was to John the negro man who had saved the boat from going over the fall, and to poor Lame Blackey, who had given the alarm.

Rose felt very sorry that she had been so careless and lazy, and I do not think she will ever let such a thing happen again; but if she ever does, I hope Lame Blackey will be near to wake her, and see that her little mistress who takes such good care of her, is taken care of herself.

It is one thing to indulge in playful rest, and another to be devoted to the pursuit of pleasure; and gaiety of heart during the reaction after hard labor, and quickened by satisfaction in the accomplished duty or perfected result, is altogether compatible with—nay, even in some sort arises naturally out of—a deep internal seriousness of disposition.—*John Ruskin.*

The sweetest life is to be ever making sacrifices for Christ; the hardest life a man can lead on earth, the most full of misery, is to be always doing his own will and seeking to please himself.—*Richard Bickerstetch.*

[For The Church Monthly Magazine.]

ROB'S VACATION.

By H. Y. E.

CHAPTER VII.—ON THE CARS.

The next morning, much to our surprise and regret, Dr. Jamieson took a hurried breakfast and departed by an early train for the West. His resolution had been formed suddenly after his return from Mrs. Mangam's; but he said that his movements were uncertain, and possibly he might return. He left a note, or rather a letter, for such its size indicated, for Mrs. Mangam, which James delivered immediately after depositing the doctor at the station.

And now, leaving the departed guest, we must beg the privilege of calling the reader back to the midnight train which James mentioned in the last chapter.

Mr. Finslay was soon snugly in his berth on the sleeping-car, and the train sped roaring and rattling on its westward course. The morning found our sleeper in another State. He spent the day as passengers generally do on those long stretches of travel—watching the scenery until tired, reading the papers, then absorbed in a magazine, until completely at a loss for resources to kill time.

The fellow-passengers began, after awhile, to enter into conversation with each other—first in almost monosyllables, then in occasional short sentences, and finally striking upon some topic of common interest, the ice was fairly broken, and the intercourse became general and agreeable.

One gentleman suggested a game of cards, and found one or two to join him. Mr. Finslay, however, declined. Not that he had any prejudices against the game, but, as he explained, he began life in an humble way, and his success depending entirely upon his

good standing in the community, he had been compelled to exercise circumspection, and consequently had avoided forming habits or enjoying pleasures which were in opposition to the prejudices of even overscrupulous people. Mr. Finslay won smiles of approbation from some of the passengers. But others noticed, while he was speaking, a well-dressed man standing in the narrow entry near the end of the car, who seemed to be interested in the conversation, and whose eyes glanced about as if to notice its effect upon the listeners. It was thought also that he gave a knowing look at the speaker, which appeared to be answered by a side glance.

The stranger went back into the little apartment from which he had emerged, and was soon enjoying himself at his favorite game. At the next eating-station Mr. Finslay and the stranger just alluded to, apparently as though they had never met before, engaged in conversation, which was continued when they returned to the train. At length Mr. Finslay entered, with the stranger, one of those small apartments which are usually found on the palace-cars, designed for the accommodation of parties of four or less.

The door being closed, a conversation in as low a tone as could be heard, considering the noise of the cars, began.

'How came you here?' asked Mr. Finslay. 'I expected to see you in San Francisco. How far East have you been?'

'If you keep on,' said the other, 'you will find me in San Francisco, as you expected; so there will be no disappointment there. And as for the other question, why I have been back and forth several times. You see I have business on the road.'

Mr. Finslay gave him a scrutinizing look, which the stranger returned.

'You know,' said Mr. Finslay, like one feeling his way cautiously, 'you know that matters have been hanging on for some time, and I thought that perhaps it would be well to go over the papers and see how we stand, in fact, to have a settlement.'

'Just so,' said the stranger. 'And I suppose as you have the figures and the—ah—books; those I mean, that didn't get burned, you know; and have been collecting what was due to the firm, and with that disinterestedness for which you are distinguished, and that judicial fairness which will not allow even your own client to have the benefit of any claim which she cannot establish by positive proof—when of course by the destruction of books and papers any such proof is impossible—I say, Mr. Finslay, begging your pardon for the long sentence, I say that as there is no questioning any figures you may make—and figures can't lie, you know—there must be something of a dividend.'

This was said with a mock dignity, the speaker keeping time with his left hand upon the table between them, and occasionally bowing. His auditor colored slightly and looked a little chagrined, but still smiled. The stranger continued:

'And as I was about to say, as her investments haven't made her rich, there must be some additional dividends—'

'Now, Fred Titwell, none of that,' Mr. Finslay interrupted. 'You know well enough that our arrangement was with reference to the store and the capital invested in that. And if anything comes out of any other property, why that is my affair.'

'Look here now,' the other replied, leaning forward on his elbow, and look-

ing determinedly in the lawyer's face, while the index finger kept time with the words, 'you understand as well as I do how this thing was put up. I was to make the claims and take good care to get the documents out of the way, while you, as his lawyer, were to see that "his interests" were to be taken care of, and then we were to divide. Now just let me have one word with you before we go any farther. You well know why it won't answer for you and me to quarrel.'

'Do you understand,' said Finslay, leaning forward and speaking just above his breath, 'why it won't do for *you* to quarrel with *me*? If you don't I can jog your memory a little. A word from some parties could let out a secret which the district attorney would be glad to possess, and which might make things disagreeable for you.'

'If it comes to threatening, squire,' said Titwell, throwing himself back and placing his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, 'what I have to say is "first catch your hare." I have the range of these hills and prairies. I have no family either to tie me to one place or help sheriffs find me. And, what perhaps you can better appreciate, I have no standing in society to keep up, no position as active vestryman in the Church, and Sunday-school superintendent, to maintain. When we went in as partners in this job, those were the things you were to keep; and just one word from—you know who, would pull all that structure of respectability about your head, and the respectable attorney, the exemplary citizen, the pious Church member would stand as poor a chance with the district attorney as the man you think it safe to threaten. Now let me say to you here, before this goes any farther, that I didn't expect you to divide fairly when the hour should

come. I had no idea that you would, if you could help it. But I knew that I should get my share notwithstanding. For I tell you,' he continued, rising and laying his clenched fist upon the table, 'I hold the reins in this drive. I have no character to lose. I had some once, and when you saw it beginning to go, you helped it on. I have led the life of an adventurer, and I have had too many adventures to be afraid of any risk now. So if it comes to this, that you mean to serve me as you have served some others, you will find that I will either have my share, or you will go over the precipice, if I have to go too.'

During this speech Mr. Finslay sat unmoved, simply keeping his eyes fixed on the table before him, twirling his pencil in his fingers. Quite a pause ensued, when at length Mr. Finslay, without raising his eyes, said,

'It is very true that it is not wise for two persons in a canoe in the middle of a deep stream to quarrel. Both would probably be drowned. Therefore I don't think you would be so rash as to endanger your own safety, to say nothing of that of other people.'

'Mr. Finslay,' said the other, 'I don't care who goes to the bottom, so long as I know that if I go you go with me.'

'I don't think either of us would be likely to make much at this rate,' was the reply.

'Very well, then,' said Titwell, 'if you mean business, I am ready for you.'

The reader will probably by this time have recognized in Mr. Titwell the same Mr. Barker who afterward fled so ignominiously from the gambling saloon in the mining town.

Of an excellent family, with fair education and good natural capacity, he had been made a junior partner of Mr. Mangam, his father advancing

him sufficient capital, and believing that, associated with such a man, his tendency to dissipation would be checked, and what of talent he possessed would be wisely directed by his senior. Titwell's father was also pleased to know that Mr. Finslay was attorney for the firm, and relied no little upon his influence with his son.

But the young man was fond of associates of a jovial turn, who feasted late at night, and were sometimes seen at the gambling table. There is but one course for one in Titwell's circumstances to pursue, if he would rescue himself—absolute non-intercourse; cutting loose entirely from such associates. This step the young man did not take, and as an inevitable consequence, he was lost. Finslay all the while was very friendly and intimate, noting, but not checking, the downward career. Titwell was in fact confidential with him, and looked upon him as a kind of friend to whom he could go in extremities, who would intercede with his father, and smooth things with his partner. Mr. Finslay had even been so kind as to favor him with loans, taking of course security. Time wore on, and brought no amendment. Titwell began to part with what of moral principle he may have had in the beginning, and became, though secretly, yet none the less thoroughly, a consummate rascal. He had on one occasion lost heavily. Funds had to be taken from the firm, and books had to be manipulated to conceal the defalcation.

Finslay, shrewdly suspecting it would come to this, seized upon the occasion as his favorable opportunity. He represented himself as being in urgent need of funds, and pressed Titwell for payment, with many friendly protestations urging that he should reluctantly be compelled to apply to his father. His victim was thus driv-

en to the verge of desperation, when the lawyer called him aside, and in a very mysterious manner intimated that his affairs might not bear investigation. 'But,' said he, 'I have advanced you funds. I have no disposition to see you brought into trouble, but it has come to that point now when it is necessary to secure what belongs to me. You must devise some way of paying me.' The young man saw the State prison staring him in the face. He felt sure Finslay knew all.

While giving the attorney credit for general honesty of purpose, he had seen enough to prove him grasping, and rightly judged that he would not be beyond the reach of a bribe. Driven to desperation, he at length suggested a plan of operations by which Finslay would both regain the money he had advanced, and secure a large 'dividend,' as they termed it, out of the wreck of the firm. As has been intimated, the scheme was accomplished. Titwell's villainy was concealed by the destruction of books and papers in the fire; and through adroit manipulation—Finslay attending to the business—Mangam was called upon to make up losses. And when he left the country, by placing all in the attorney's hands, the latter had full sway. Titwell became a reckless fellow, and at length struck out for adventure in the far West.

Finslay of course had the lion's share in this nefarious transaction, but managed to live on in his usual way, in order to avoid any suspicion which might arise from the appearance of increasing riches. He accordingly gave out that he had had some transactions in the mining regions which were turning out favorably. When he returned from his westward journey, he stated that he had secured a handsome return for some ven-

tures. He had, however, another object in making this trip, which was to settle with Titwell, and get rid of him entirely; for he was likely to prove a very annoying partner. Giving himself up mostly to gambling, and reckless as to all consequences to himself, he was perpetually annoying Finslay with demands for money, accompanying the same with threats.

The conversation we have detailed on the palace-car was the beginning of negotiations which were terminated on their arrival at San Francisco, and our attorney returned to his home, having settled on terms not quite so favorable as he had expected to make, but having effectually rid himself, as he believed, of an annoyance from one of whose threats he need not stand in fear; for surely no one would credit the testimony of a man without either character or reputation.

QUASSIA FOR INSECTS.

A few years ago I had some peach-trees, which, being on a wall exposed to draught, were annually blighted. One died, and the new wood of the others was not more than a hand's length. A scientific friend advised me to try a weak solution of quassia to water them with, and the success was complete. Blight was prevented. The first year the trees bore well, and the new wood was elbow-length or more. I next tried quassia in the viney. Instead of lime-washing the walls to get rid of the green fly, one watering with quassia dismissed them in a day. My head gardener, who had previously much experience in nursery grounds, wondered that he had never heard of it before. He now uses it in all cases as a protection from flies and blight. The dilution goes a long way: one pound of chips of quassia-wood boiled, and reboiled in other water, until he has eight gallons of the extract for his garden-engine. He finds it unadvisable to use it stronger for some plants. This boiling makes the quassia a 'hensive, and being principally applied to the underleaf, because most blight settles

there, it is not readily washed off by the rain. Quassia is used in medicine as a powerful tonic, and the chips are sold by chemists at from sixpence to a shilling a pound. The tree is indigenous to the West Indies and to South America. And now as to gnats and mosquitoes. A young friend of mine, severely bitten by mosquitoes, and unwilling to be seen so disfigured, sent for some quassia-chips, and had boiling water poured upon them. At night, after washing, she dipped her hands into the quassia-water, and left it to dry on her face. This was a perfect protection, and continued to be so whenever applied. The pastilles sold in Florence and elsewhere, which are vaunted to be safeguards against mosquitoes, are, from my own experience, of no use. At the approach of Winter, when flies and gnats get into houses, and sometimes bite venomously, a grandchild of mine, eighteen months old, was thus attacked. I gave the nurse some of my weak solution of quassia to be left to dry on his face, and he was not bitten again. It is innocuous to children, and it may be a protection also against bed insects, which I have not had the opportunity of trying. When the solution of quassia is strong, it is well known to be an active fly poison, and is mixed with sugar to attract flies, but this is not strong enough to kill at once. If it be true that mosquitoes have been imported into one of the great hotels in the southwest of London, it might be very useful to anoint some of the furniture with it. Then a strong solution with sugar set about the rooms ought to clear them out.—*Nature*.

Many conventional expressions, partly commonplace and partly vulgar, should be carefully avoided. Among these may be mentioned—"individual" for *person*, "residence" for *house*, "locality" for *place*, "parties" or "individuals" for *person* or *men* and *women*, to "commence" to do anything for to *begin*, to "go in" for any pursuit or study, "first-class" or "first-rate" for *excellent*, (still lower are such phrases as "A1," "top of the tree," &c.) to "transmogrify" for to *transform*.—*Manual of English Composition*, Hall.



H. J. Adams.

BED-TIME STORIES.

Do you remember, years ago,
 When we were children, you and I,
 The dear old farm where grandpa lived,
 The sparkling brook that babbled by ?

The orchard with its gnarled old trees,
 The meadow where we used to play,
 The barn with rafters cobweb hung,
 The great loft filled with fragrant hay ?

But better far than all the rest
 Were grandma's stories told at night,
 When we were snugly tucked in bed,
 And stars without were shining bright.

Then grandma with her knitting work,
 And pussy playing by her side,
 Would tell us Cinderella's tale,
 How she became the Prince's bride.

But yet we liked true stories best,
 And begged for them till grandma smiled,
 And said she thought she'd have to tell
 Of days when father was a child.

And so we heard of boyish pranks
 That grandma said he used to play ;
 Till stories faded into dreams,
 And dreamland brightened into day.

K. M. M.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

TRIFLES.

'I can't imagine what becomes of the money!' exclaimed Cousin Dolly, as she threw down her parcels, and removing her bonnet and gloves, proceeded to turn over the contents of her purse. 'I certainly left home with ten dollars, and here is nothing left but some odd change; and I haven't bought a thing, not a single thing,' she added in a tone of great vexation.

'Spent ten dollars and have not bought a thing?' ejaculated our great-aunt Phyllis, who with myself and Dolly's sister sat by the library table, busily employed in some kind of needlework. 'Is not that an extraordinary occurrence? And how did you manage it?'

'O nothing to signify, I mean,' said Dolly—'nothing that could possibly be worth such a sum; but I suppose I must set to work and put down all the items, though I know exactly how it will turn out. The figures will be sure to add up correctly, and only prove what I knew before—that my ten dollars are gone, and I have nothing to show for them.'

'But let us hear what you call nothing?' said Aunt Phyllis, 'for you seem to have quite a number of small parcels there.'

'O but those are mere trifles,' said Dolly in a disparaging tone—'pins and buttons and such, a spool of silk for the seamstress, a skein of crewel that had to be matched, some court-plaster and marking-ink, a mousetrap and a paper of tacks, and little things of that sort, that one has to have. I don't call those anything; but the trouble is, there always seems something of the kind to be needed every time I go out, so that a five-dollar bill is soon gone. I sometimes determine that I will not open my purse for a fortnight; but the list seems then

twice as long, so I save nothing by that.'

'But the articles you mentioned,' said Aunt Phyllis, 'certainly cannot have amounted to the value of ten dollars.'

'Well, I had to get a few little things for the cook, but not over fifty cents' worth, and to pay the postage on a small parcel, and oh, then I expressed a parcel to the dressmaker for twenty-five cents, and then there is the car-fare, you know; altogether, in going and returning by horse-car, ferry, and elevated roads, I spent forty-five cents; but then I don't grudge that, for one does not often go so far and so fast for so little. I suppose I have travelled at least five miles since we met at breakfast.'

'Yes,' said Aunt Phyllis, 'you who live in the city have every advantage in that respect.'

'You know,' continued Dolly, 'that I do not take such a trip very often, but I went to-day principally to visit Aunt Sarah, and there I found Cousin Jenny, who was to return this evening to her country home, and as I knew they would be a treat to her, I sent her a couple of roses, which, though not *much*, still cost something at this season—so there's another item,' she continued, industriously jotting down figures with her pencil, and at intervals opening another of the small parcels beside her. 'Isn't it astonishing how these little items count up?'

"Many mickles make a muckle," as the old saying is,' said my aunt. 'By setting down all these apparent trifles as they occur, a thoughtful person soon sees how many of them can be dispensed with; but still there are many really necessary small wants to be daily supplied, which involve due deliberation: since many of them,

like thread and pins, it is best to lay in by the quantity.'

'That is just what I generally do,' said Dolly; 'but it just so happened that a certain size of pins and a certain shade of sewing-silk were out, and when we are in town for the Winter, with all these small articles close by, I think it as well not to accumulate, but lay in my supplies when leaving for the country. In my childhood, living at a distance from any large town, those small articles were always laid in by the quantity, so that I have never grown accustomed to paying cash for one dozen buttons or one paper of pins. It will always seem to me as if that money was wasted.'

'Something of the same feeling, is it not,' questioned her sister silyly, 'which makes you say that you prefer sewing on a dozen buttons rather than a solitary specimen?'

'To be sure,' retorted Dolly; 'sewing on one button is but a small business; I prefer to wait till I have enough to occupy half an hour, and then, I assure you, it is not half the trial to me that it is to stop and sew on one button.'

Noticing the partly puzzled and partly horrified expression on our aunt's face, Dolly, by way of turning the conversation, drew out another parcel, saying as she did so, 'Here is an item at last for which I have something worth showing. These Easter cards were so beautiful that I could not let the opportunity slip, as I knew I should need them by and by, when it would require twice the time and trouble to secure them. 'Are they not perfect?' she asked, laying them before us. 'I purchased them of the little woman who keeps a bookstore on the corner near here. And what a number of ladies you generally see there. But it does not seem to the

lookers-on as if she could make much profit from the small stock of cards she keeps on hand.'

'I think one reason why her store is always filled,' said Dolly's sister, 'is because she is very civil and obliging, and always ready to order for you any cards or pamphlets that she may be out of; and only yesterday, when I remarked that I thought she would find it difficult to sell an expensive style, marked fifty cents each, she told me that she had already sold forty like it that very morning.'

'I am glad to hear that,' said Dolly, 'if only for the poor woman's sake, for it seemed to me that this season you could get such unusually pretty ones for five, three, and even two cents each, that it must affect the sale of the higher-priced ones.'

'O not at all,' replied her sister; 'I pass there almost daily, and very rarely is the store without one or more ladies turning over the stock, and I notice that so many seem destitute of any apparent aim, but go in, attracted by a new card in the window, and end by purchasing one or more. What an amount of time must be spent in looking over such things, in the course of the Winter.'

'O but don't you know,' said Dolly, 'that some people make collections of cards, the same way that they do postage-stamps and coins?'

'What useless folly!' exclaimed Aunt Phyllis. 'Many of them are very pretty, and some display a high order of art, but they are by no means equal in merit; and a collection of all that now exist I should think would be excessively wearisome to look at. I always feel sorry for people who are reduced to such straits. It only shows,' she continued emphatically, 'how sadly they are in want of some real good, wholesome work, when they undertake things of that kind. It

provokes me to think of such a waste of talent and energy. But speaking of trifles, these cards are a case in point. Had you any idea to what an extent the business has increased, when but six or seven years ago no such thing existed? I have here an article cut from the evening paper a few weeks ago, from which I will quote as follows: "From year to year the demand for Christmas, New Year's, and Easter cards has steadily grown, until now the figures of the sales seem almost fabulous in view of the small cost of the cards separately. By Prang & Co. they are sold in sets, retailing at from fifteen cents to six dollars a dozen. Millions of them are yearly exported by this firm to England alone, and the amount of money paid by consumers in this country for holiday cards of all kinds and makes, is roughly estimated at about \$1,000,000 annually. Of late the demand for the higher-priced cards has greatly increased, though the importations of fine foreign work have much diminished, owing to the artistic designs and workmanship of the fine American cards." It says also that \$2,000 in prizes has recently been offered for new designs of cards for the next Christmas season.'

'Yes,' broke in Dolly, 'and have you heard, Auntie, that the prizes have been awarded, and the first, of \$1,000, to a woman!'

'No, I had not seen that,' replied Aunt Phyllis; 'but I always rejoice to hear of any such thing, knowing what an encouragement the fact must be to the thousands of women struggling with brush and pencil for a livelihood.'

'Great oaks from little acorns grow,' repeated Dolly sententiously; 'and if cards at two cents apiece will amount in time to millions, I suppose I must not complain because innu-

merable dimes and half dimes will so soon make up the sum of ten dollars; but it is none the less disgusting, because incontrovertible.'

WOMAN'S WORK EQUAL TO MAN'S.

I do not want even to prove that women are equal to men, or to discuss the points in which they differ. I do not pretend to understand either Man or Woman, in capitals. I only know individuals, of no two of whom could I say that I think they are entirely equal. But there are two, visibly standing before the world (which is made up of them) to be judged according to their works; and upon these works I wish to ask the reader his and her opinion.

This is mine to start with—that when God put two creatures into the world (I hope that persons of advanced intelligence will forgive the old-fashioned phraseology, which perhaps is behind the age) it was not that one should be the servant to the other, but because there was for each a certain evident and sufficient work to do. It is needless to inquire which work was the highest. Judgment has been universally given in favor of the man's work, which is that of the protector and food-producer—though even here one cannot but feel that there is something to be said on the weaker side, and that it is possible that the rearing of children might seem in the eyes of the Maker, who is supposed to feel a special interest in the human race, as noble an occupation, in its way, as the other. To keep the world rolling on, as it has been doing for all these centuries, there have been needful two creatures, two types of creatures, the one an impossibility without the other. And it is a curious thought, when we come to consider it, that the man, who is such a fine fellow and thinks so much of himself, would after all be a complete nonentity without the woman whom he has hustled about and driven into a corner ever since she began to be. Now, it seems to me that the first, and largest, and most fundamental of all the grievances of women, is this: that they never have, since the world began, got the credit of that share of the work of the world which

has fallen naturally to them, and which they have, on the whole, faithfully performed through all vicissitudes. It will be seen that I am not referring to the professions, which are the trades of men, according to universal acknowledgment, but to that common and general women's work, which is, without any grudging, acknowledged to be their sphere.

And I think it is one of the most astonishing things in the world to see how entirely all the honor and credit of this, all the importance of it, all its real value, is taken from the doers of it. That her children may "rise up and call her blessed" is allowed by Holy Writ, and there are vague and general permissions of praise given to those who take the woman's part in the conflict. It is allowed to be said that she is a ministering angel, a consoler, an encouragement to the exertions of the man, and a rewarder of his toil. She is given, within due limitations, a good deal of praise, but very rarely any justice. I scarcely remember any writer who has ever ventured to say that the half of the work of the world is actually accomplished by women; and very few husbands who would be otherwise than greatly startled and amazed, if not indignant, if not derisive, at the suggestion of such an idea as that the work of their wives was equal to their own. And yet for my part I think it is. So far as I can see, the workingman's wife who has to cook and clean, and wash and mend, and do all the primitive services of life for her family, has harder and more constant work than her husband has; and rising upward in the ranks of life, I think the same balance goes on, at least until that level of wealth and leisure is reached at which the favorites of fortune, like the lilies, toil not, neither do they spin. But I am not concerned with those heights. What dukes and duchesses do, and which of them work the hardest, will scarcely tell upon the argument; nor am I deeply versed in the natural history of millionaires. But, so far as I am acquainted with the facts of existence, the woman's hands are everywhere as full of natural occupation as are those of the man. To talk of the great mass of working-women, the wives of the poorer and laboring classes, in a pret-

ty and poetical way as the inspirers of toil, the consolers of care, by whose smiles a man is stimulated to industry, and rewarded for his exertions, would be too ridiculous for the most rigid theorist. Whatever powers of this passive kind may be possessed by the wife of the bricklayer or carpenter, will stand her in little stead if she does not put her shoulder to the wheel. "A woman's work is never done" is the much more genuine expression of sentiment on that level, which is by far the largest, of society. The man's work lasts a certain number of hours, after which he has his well-earned leisure, his evening to himself, his hours of recreation, or of lounging; but his wife has no such privileged amount of exemption from toil. Her work is "never done." She has the evening meal, whatever it may be, to prepare, and to clear away, and the children to get to bed, and the mending to do, in the hours when he is altogether free, and considers himself, with justice, to have a right to his freedom. In very few cases does it occur to the woman to grumble at this, or to wonder why her lot should be harder than his. It is natural; it is her share. The whole compact of their married life is based upon this, that she should do her work while he does his; and hers is the share which is "never done." I do not say a word against this law of nature, but I object that, while this is the case, the poor woman who works so hard is considered a passive object of her husband's bounty, indebted to him for her living, and with no standing-ground or position of her own. She is so considered in the eye of the law; and though the foolishness of the sentiment is too manifest in her individual case to be insisted upon, yet she is implied in the general sweeping assertion which includes all married women. "Men must work, and women must weep," says the ballad. I would like to know what the fisherwomen of our sea-coasts say to this lugubrious sentiment, or how much time they find to indulge in that luxury.

It is scarcely necessary to follow domestic history up through all its lines for the purpose of proving that everywhere this rule is the same. A poor woman with a house full of children has everywhere and in all cir-

cumstances her work cut out for her, and when the element of gentility comes in, and there are appearances to be kept up, that labor is indefinitely enlarged. Which of the two does the reader suppose has most to do—the merchant's clerk, for instance, who earns his salary by six or eight hours' work in his office, or his wife who has to pinch and scrape, and shape and sew, and sit late at nights, and rise early in the morning, in order to keep a neat and cheerful house, and turn out the children in such a guise as to do no discredit to their father's black coat? If I had to choose between the two, I should choose the husband's share, and not the wife's. The man is more exposed to outside risks and discomforts; but the moment he enters his home he is privileged to rest, and be waited on as much as if he were a sultan. The same rule exists everywhere. Among shopkeepers of all but the highest class, the wife, in addition to her natural work, takes her share in the business, and such is the case in a great many other occupations. She keeps the books; she makes out the bills; in one way or another she overflows from her own share of the work into his. The poor clergyman's wife (I know one such with such hands of toil, scarred and honorable—hands that have washed and scrubbed, and cooked and sewed, till all their lady softness is gone) is his curate as well. Where is there any class of life in which this is not the case? When we come to the higher levels of society, the circumstances are changed a little. Usually wealth means a cessation more or less of labor. But a great lawyer, or a great doctor, for instance, may have reached the very height of success without having his actual toil diminished; and his wife in that case may be carried high upon the tide of his success to a position of ease and luxury which bears little proportion to the labor with which he must still go on, keeping up the reputation and the career which he has made. Even in that case she will have a great establishment to manage, servants to rule, and social duties to perform, and always, the first and most sacred duty of all, the children to care for, which makes her life anything but an unoccupied one. But the wife of a

professional man who is struggling into work and celebrity, has as tough a task as her humbler neighbor. In the present constitution of society, people upon a certain level of position are supposed to live pretty much alike, whether their income is counted by hundreds or by thousands. A smaller and less costly house, a parlor-maid instead of a butler, are the only concessions which custom makes; but things must be as "nice" in the small house as in the great, and neither in their table nor in their apparel can the poorer pair afford to show any greatly perceptible difference between themselves and their wealthier friends. They must "go out" in much the same way. They must even entertain now and then in much the same way; they must take as much pains with the education of their children, and they must not even be very much behind in the decoration of their house. How is all this to be done upon an income so much inferior—upon the probably precarious earnings which this year are a little more, and next year may be a great deal less? This dreadful problem, which never can be lost sight of day by day, if any satisfactory solution is to be given to it, is almost entirely the wife's share of the business. She it is who must take it in hand, to secure as much as can be had of comfort and modest luxury and beauty out of the poor blank sum of money which in itself is barren of all grace. She must watch over all the minutiae of household living; she must keep a careful eye upon weekly bills, and invent daily dinners, and keep servants in order, and guide the whole complicated machinery so that nothing shall jar or creak, and no part of it get out of gear. Housekeeping is a fine science, and there are some women who show a real genius in it; but genius that makes everything easy is rare; and in general it is a hard struggle to carry on that smooth and seemingly easy routine of existence which, seen outside, appears to go of itself. Try to let it go by itself for ever so short a time, and you will find the difference. This is the share of the woman's work, in addition to that perennial occupation, the nurture of her children, to whom she very likely gives their earliest lessons, as well as the foundation

of moral training, which tells most upon their after-lives. Her day is full of a multiplicity of tasks, some greater, some smaller, but all indispensable; since without that guidance and supervision and regulation life would be but a chaos of accidents, and society could not exist at all. I say nothing of those frequently recurring trials of maternity, common to all classes, interrupting yet intensifying that round of common toil in which young married women are perpetually exposed to dangers as great as those of an army in active service; nor of all the heavy burdens, the illnesses, and languors that accompany it. When it is necessary to find a word which shall express the last extreme of human exertion, we all know where old writers find it—in those throes of the whole being, that crisis of body and soul, which women alone have to go through.—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

[From The Independent]

WHY MOTHER IS PROUD.

BY GEORGE KLINGLE.

Look in his face, look in his eyes,
Roguish and blue and terribly wise—
Roguish and blue, but quickest to see
When Mother comes in as tired as can be;
Quickest to find her the nicest old chair;
Quickest to get to the top of the stair;
Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek
Would help her far more than to chatter, to speak.

Look in his face, and guess, if you can,
Why Mother is proud of her little man.

The mother is proud—I will tell you this;
You can see it yourself in her tender kiss.
But why? Well, of all her dears
There is scarcely one who ever hears
The moment she speaks, and jumps to see
What her want or her wish might be.
Scarcely one. They all forget,
Or are not in the notion to go quite yet.
But this she knows, if her boy is near,
There is somebody certain to want to hear.

Mother is proud, and she holds him fast,
And kisses him first and kisses him last;
And he holds her hand and looks in her face,
And hunts for her spool which is out of its place,
And proves that he loves her whenever he can.

That is why she is proud of her little man.

SUMMIT, N. J.

Two boys examining a bush, one observed that it had a thorn; the other that it had a rose. Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said 'I am better to-

day'; the other said 'I was worse yesterday.' Two boys eating their dinner, one said 'I would rather have something better than this'; the other said 'This is better than nothing.' Two men went to see New York. One visited the saloons, and thought New York wicked; the other visited the homes, and thought New York good. Two boys hunting a bee, one got honey, and the other got stung. The first called it a honey-bee, and the other a stinging-bee. 'I am glad I live,' says one man; 'I am sorry I must die,' says another. 'I am glad,' says one, 'that it is no worse'; 'I am sorry,' says another, 'that it is no better.' In drinking lemonade you may detect only the sweet, or only the sour. One man is thankful for his blessings; another is morose for his misfortunes. One man thinks he is entitled to a better world, and is dissatisfied because he has not got it; another thinks he is not justly entitled to any, and is satisfied with this. One says 'Our good is mixed with evil'; another says 'Our evil is mixed with good.'

[For The Church Monthly Magazine.]

TO A FRIEND,

Who at Parting gave me a Rose Shell, June 5, 1880.

All rough and worn,
And scarred and torn,
By grinding wave and rushing tide;
Small share of beauty seems to dwell
About this unattractive shell,
With wrinkled, weather-worn outside.

But turn the shell,
And strange to tell,
A silvery lining glitters there;
A soft, translucent light that shines
In ever-widening, twinkling lines,
And rainbow colors clear and fair.

So may we trace
In many a face
A likeness to that wave-worn shell;
Some face we know by trouble scarred,
By want and labor seamed and hard;
Where beauty long hath ceased to dwell.

Yet do we know
That far below
Such surface hidden treasures lie;
A loving heart, a noble mind,
Full often in such guise we find,
Unseen by hasty passers-by.

C. P. V. W.

Editor's Portfolio.

Our readers have doubtless heard of the Old Swedes church in Wilmington, Del., a stone edifice erected in 1698. Every year, on Trinity Sunday, anniversary services commemorating the laying of the cornerstone, are held. At the last occasion of the kind the Rev. Dr. W. J. Frost made an address, from which we take the following interesting piece of history :

"I am to speak of the Swedish Church of America. The early settlers came from the Christian country in 1638. They did not come out as a colony of the Church, but brought with them a minister who served merely as chaplain to the colony. The colony continued thus till 1697, when three missionaries were sent out, and one settled over the Swedish church of this place; and under him this church was built and consecrated. This rule was continued in Delaware, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, nearly to the time of the War of Independence.

"As time rolled on the Swedish language grew into disuse, and the English came into greater use, until a request was made that an English Service be allowed in this church. This request was granted, and services were then held in Swedish in the morning, and in English in the evening. The missionary in charge had by this time learned English, and conducted both Services, preaching in English to the descendants of Swedish parents as well as the English residents. This continued till the War of Independence, when an appeal was made by the Swedes themselves to the Church in Sweden to be transferred as a body to the English Church. Subsequent to the War of Independence this church was transferred to the Protestant Episcopal Church, and has since been such a church in the Diocese of Delaware.

"The charter name of this church is 'The Swedish Lutheran Church in Wilmington.' The Lutheran Church is not an Episcopal Church; then how came it to be an Episcopal church? Let us look at the history of the Lutheran Church in Europe. Under Lu-

ther it was a German Church and a Presbyterian Church. This was owing to the nature of the circumstances. The Reformation was conducted by what is called the lower clergy; none of the bishops of the Roman Church aided in the Reformation, consequently Luther had to ordain only presbyters, and forego the higher order of the ministry, viz: the bishops. But in Sweden the bishops led the Reformation. There the Reformation was in doctrine, not in worship or in the ministry. In England the same work was going on. The Reformation was declared by Henry VIII., who lived and died in the Roman Church, but who was opposed to the domination of the Bishop of Rome, and declared that he had no authority in England; and to that extent only was Henry VIII. a Protestant. The Swedish sovereign was also opposed to the Church of Rome, and led in the Reformation there. Therefore the members of the two congregations met in this country on about equal terms. The two denominations worked in precisely similar ways, and aided each other; so, though this Church was Lutheran in doctrine it was not so in ministry, and this accounts for the action of the Swedish churches in this country in coming into the fold of the Episcopal Church."

We see the question raised in some of our exchanges in regard to giving fees to clergymen for attending funerals as well as weddings. The point is well taken that if labor or anxiety be considered a fee for attending a burial is well-earned, while the services at a wedding are a pleasure. If the matter of remuneration is to be taken into account at all, the fee for a wedding would take the form of a thankoffering, while that for a funeral would be for services rendered. But parishioners are not always considerate enough to bear in mind that it is a grievous wrong to subject a clergyman to *expense* for attending a funeral, and offer no reimbursement.

We have known a young missionary with a scanty stipend to hire a horse and buggy, and spend a day in attending a funeral, and have to pay his own expenses, and, rather than present a bill for his outlay, suffer the loss of his time and his five dollars. This could not be were burial fees always given.

Some fifteen years ago, taking up our abode in a house which had come down from a former generation of Dutch descendants, we found over the door a horseshoe. It had probably been there ever since the house was completed. It is not at all unlikely that the builders held the superstition about its being a charm against witches and an omen of good luck. About that time taste was directed to decorative art, and some persons bethought themselves of an ornamental horseshoe, and now the article is everywhere to be seen, but without any superstitious intent. Some one has been hunting up the origin of the horseshoe superstition, and claims to have discovered it. His theory is that it comes from the *nimbus* or halo, which was a circular piece of metal, and was always seen over the heads of the images of tutelary saints. Often these images were of wood or other perishable material, and exposure to the weather destroyed them and left the metal nimbus entire. In course of time the virtue which had been ascribed to the saint was supposed to be retained by the nimbus. Subsequently, as the origin of that article passed from memory, nimbi, or polished metallic circles, were sold in the shops as charms. The transition from this to the horseshoe was easy.

This theory looks rather far fetched, and would need proof to substantiate it, if the game were worth the candle. But there is a theory also

with regard to the nimbus, which, though old, may be new to some of our readers. The ancients, in order to protect the statues of their gods, and keep them clean, caused a metallic disk to be placed over those which stood out of doors. The birds would then light upon this disk instead of the statue. Pictures of these statues preserved the disk. Christian painters, probably mistaking this circle above the head for an emblem of heavenly light, or glory, transferred it to the heads of the sacred persons depicted by them. The theory spoils a pretty and poetic idea; and perhaps it is only a theory.

In a magazine of more than sixty years old we find the following amusing anecdote by Alexander Pope:

The famous Lord Halifax was rather a pretender to taste than really possessed of it. When I had finished the two or three first books of my translation of the "Iliad," that lord desired to have the pleasure of hearing them read at his house. Addison, Congreve, and Garth were there at the reading. In four or five places Lord Halifax stopped me very civilly, and with a speech each time of much the same kind: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope; but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me. Be so good as to mark the place, and consider it a little at your leisure. I am sure you can give it a little turn." I returned from Lord Halifax's with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and as we were going along, was saying to the Doctor that my lord had laid me under a great deal of difficulty by such loose and general observations; that I had been thinking over the passages almost ever since, and could not guess at what it was that offended his lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment; said I had not been long enough acquainted with Lord Halifax to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself about looking those places over and over when I got home. "All you need do, says he, is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord Halifax

two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them to him as altered. I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event." I followed his advice; waited on Lord Halifax some time after; said I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed; read them to him exactly as they were at first; and his lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out "Ay, now they are perfectly right; nothing can be better."

Everybody has heard of Louise Latteu, who for six years has exhibited at intervals drops of blood upon her insteps, her hands, forehead, and left side, corresponding to the wounds of our Saviour upon the cross. The phenomena have been examined again and again, and pronounced real. At the time of these remarkable appearances she claims that she falls into a trance, and has visions of our Lord in the various stages of His suffering. The authorities of the Roman Church pronounced her case miraculous. Thousands have visited her, and there has been no limit to the laudations by the Roman Catholic papers. But recently the Pope has dismissed the Bishop of Toumai, in whose diocese she lives, and appointed a successor. This saintly miracle-worker, however, refuses to transfer her allegiance to the new Bishop: and now the Pope has anathematized and excommunicated her! She is officially pronounced a holy person, a subject of miraculous agency, and now is officially cursed for heretical disobedience.

France has issued its decree expelling certain unauthorized religious orders. One would naturally suppose that France, having had abundant opportunity to judge of their excellences, would either "authorize" all religious orders, or endow rather than expel them. But no; she has decid-

ed that they must go. But where? Why, if there is a thoroughly Roman Catholic country on the globe, it is Spain. But here is Spain's decision in regard to them. It came by cable, June 19th:

"The Government having received many petitions from religious orders about to be expelled from France, has issued a circular to the civil authorities declaring that no order, college, or religious establishment, will be permitted in any province near the French frontier, and in the rest of the peninsula only after due authorization from the Government, and after their petitions and motives have been investigated."

That a certain class of Jews, who make themselves personally offensive by their disagreeable peculiarities, should be avoided, we can understand. But why on this account a whole race should be excluded from our interest, sympathy, and regard, is inexplicable. And yet, is not this our conduct toward the Jew? Do not old prejudices still linger and fester, and so corrupt our moral sense that we even look upon Jews as having no claim upon our evangelistic work? What the Jews themselves think of us we find on reading the report, now in press, of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. One clergyman in this city writes: "One child of Jewish mother and Christian father received baptism. He writes from his own experience—'Intellectually the Jews doubt the sincerity of Christians. The practical indifference of Christians, as a class, to the conversion of the Jews, they cite as evidence of this lack of sincerity.'" Another, a clergyman in this State, writes: "I have been reproached by them for the intolerance, sneers, etc., of Christians. 'Suppose it is all true,' said a Jewess to me, 'where is the justice of sending me to Coventry because my ancestors killed Jesus eighteen centuries ago?"

If your books speak truth, Jesus forgave His murderers on the score of their ignorance. It seems to me that people who call themselves Christians, and profess to follow Christ, do not believe their own Bibles, since they will not give up their prejudices in deference to the example of Christ."

CHURCH NEWS.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Sheltering Arms held its reception on Thursday, May 27th. The average number of children cared for during the year has been 134.—At the quarterly meeting of St. John's Guild, held May 25th, the Rev. J. W. Kramer, M.D., master, it was decided to erect a seaside nursery at Cedar Grove, S. I.—Miss Catherine L. Wolf has added to her numerous benefactions the gift of a Newsboy's Lodging House, costing \$50,000. It is to be under the charge of the Children's Aid Society.—On Friday, June 11th (St. Barnabas' day), the fifteenth anniversary of the opening of St. Barnabas House, 304 and 306 Mulberry street, was held. The annual report was read by the Rev. C. T. Woodruff, superintendent of the City Mission. During the year 1,824 inmates have been admitted; 535 sent to situations; 392 to other institutions; 304 to friends; 61 left of their own accord; and 37 have been dismissed. The number of lodgings have been 19,292; of meals, 104,752; visits to families, 1,248; to individuals, 8,081; admissions to the nursery, 111 children; present number, 84. The expense of carrying on all this work has been about \$6,300. The free reading-room has been opened 308 nights, from 7 to 10 P. M., with an average attendance of 23 boys and young men. After the reading of the report addresses were made by the Rev. Cornelius B. Smith, the Rev. Dr. Matson, and the Rev. Dr. Peters.—The Home for Incurables had a reception on

Friday, June 11th. Mr. De Peyster read the report. The whole number of patients during the year, 101. Addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Rylance, Mr. Julian T. Davies, the Rev. Dr. Wildes, and Judge Davies.—The Church of the Holy Apostles has purchased a rectory.—On Tuesday, June 22d, the Rev. Arthur H. Warner was instituted rector of the church of the Beloved Disciple, Eighty-ninth street.

LONG ISLAND.—On Trinity Sunday, in St. Luke's church, Brooklyn, the Bishop ordained the Rev. Messrs. William Fletcher, Harold Arrowsmith, and Bishop Falkner, priests, and the Messrs. W. E. Allen, John H. Townsend, and Charles M. Allen, deacons.

ALBANY.—On May 29th, in Christ church, Schenectady, Bishop Doane confirmed nine persons, and on the following day, in St. George's church, thirteen.—May 30th, in St. Ann's church, Amsterdam, sixteen persons were confirmed.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.—The cornerstone of a new St. John's church, Auburn, the Rev. W. H. Lord rector, was laid on Sunday, May 5th.—The Convention met at Trinity church, Elmira, June 1st. Deputies to the General Convention elected—The Rev. Drs. W. D. Wilson, E. M. Van Deusen, W. Ayrault, the Rev. H. R. Lockwood, and Messrs. G. F. Comstock, Geo. J. Gardner, G. C. McWhorter, and H. O. Moss.—Christ church, Ellisburgh, was recently consecrated by Bishop Huntington. The sermon was by the Rev. John Muir, M.D., of Pierrepont Manor, who is in charge of the mission at this place.—On Tuesday, May 20th, in St. Paul's church, Brownville, Mr. William Cooke was ordained deacon.—On Tuesday, June 22d, Bishop Huntington consecrated St. Andrew's church, Dey's Landing, the Rev. C. W. McNish rector.

WESTERN NEW YORK.—In St. James church, Batavia, on Sunday, May 30th, the Bishop confirmed 30.—An altar cross and vases have been placed on the altar by the congregation of Trinity church, Watkins, in memory of the Rev. Duncan C. Mann, first rector of the parish.—Trinity church, Rochester, having been sold, for the purpose of erecting a new edifice, a ceremony of deconsecration was held on Sunday, May 23d.—On Sunday, June 13th, in Trinity church, Geneva, Bishop Coxe confirmed 29 persons, and in St. Peter's church 18.

VERMONT.—On Whitsun-day, May 16th, Bishop Bissell confirmed in St. Michael's church, Brattleboro, 8 persons.—The Convention met in Christ church, Montpelier, June 9th. Result of the elections: Standing Committee—Rev. Drs. J. Swett and A. H. Bailey, the Rev. E. R. Atwill, and Messrs. J. W. Ellis, C. A. Booth, and J. H. Williams. Deputies to the General Convention—The Rev. Messrs. N. F. Putnam, E. R. Atwill, W. H. Collins, E. H. Randall, and Messrs. G. F. Edmunds, T. P. Redfield, J. H. Williams, and C. Clement.

MASSACHUSETTS.—On Wednesday, May 19th, in Lynn, the Bishop laid the cornerstone of St. Stephen's Memorial church.

RHODE ISLAND.—The Convention met June 8th. Result of the elections: Standing Committee—The Rev. Messrs. D. Henshaw, D. H. Greer, C. A. L. Richards, and G. J. Magill, Messrs. E. A. Greene, G. L. Cooke, W. W. Blodgett, and T. P. I. Goddard. Deputies to the General Convention—The Rev. Messrs. D. H. Greer, C. A. L. Richards, George A. Magill, and D. Henshaw, Messrs. J. H. Stiness, T. P. I. Goddard, A. Hoppin, and W. W. Blodgett.

CONNECTICUT.—On Thursday, May

27th, Bishop Williams ordained to the priesthood, the Rev. Messrs. E. W. Babcock, Geo. S. Pine, W. O. Roberts, B. E. Warner, S. E. Snively, and H. J. Brodwell.—The Convention met in Christ church, Hartford, June 8th. The Bishop reports confirmed, 967; ordained 8 deacons and 7 priests. Elections: Standing Committee—The Rev. Drs. Beardsley, Tatlock, Deshon, and Pynchon, and the Rev. S. O. Seymour. Deputies to the General Convention—The Rev. Drs. Beardsley, Harwood, and Deshon, Prof. E. E. Johnson, and Messrs. O. S. Seymour, Jeremiah Halsey, Henry B. Harrison, and Calvin P. Child.—On Sunday, June 6th, Bishop Williams confirmed in Christ church, Hartford, 16; St. John's, 21; Good Shepherd, 14.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.—Calvary church, Summit, was consecrated on Monday, May 31st.

NEW JERSEY.—The Convention met in St. Mary's church, Burlington, on Tuesday, May 25th. The following were elected members of the Standing Committee: Rev. Alfred Stubbs, D.D., Rev. Levi W. Norton, Rev. J. F. Garrison, D.D., Rev. N. Pettit, Messrs. A. Browning, R. S. Conover, S. K. Wilson, and B. Williamson. The election for Deputies to the General Convention resulted in the selection of the Rev. Drs. Hills, Garrison, Franklin, and Langford, Messrs. A. Browning, Geo. C. Hance, S. R. Wilson, and J. Howard Pugh.—A new church is to be erected at Point Pleasant.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.—The Convention met in the Cathedral at Reading, July 8th. The subject of the division of the Diocese was referred to a special committee, to report at the next Convention. Standing Committee elected—The Rev. Messrs. W. C. Leverett, M. A. Talman, E. Leaf, H. L. Jones, and W. P. Orrick, and

Messrs. H. S. Goodwin, R. A. Lamberton, P. Baldy, Jr., W. F. Reynolds, and J. F. Blakeslee. Deputies to the General Convention—The Rev. Messrs. C. Whitehead, C. F. Knight, H. L. Jones, and the Rev. Dr. Breck, and Messrs. R. A. Lamberton, J. L. Atlee, J. W. Gurnsey, and H. Coppee.

MARYLAND.—The Diocesan Convention met in St. Peter's church, Baltimore, May 26th. The Bishop reported confirmed, 1,673; ordained one deacon and three priests. Result of elections: Standing Committee—Rev. Drs. Gordon, Leeds, Lewin, Elliott, and Hoff, and Rev. Messrs. J. H. Chew and A. P. Stryker. Deputies to the General Convention—The Rev. Drs. O. Hutton, M. Lewin, E. A. Dalrymple, J. H. Elliott, and Messrs. Montgomery Blair, A. Randall, F. Marbury, and G. Wyman.

EASTON.—The Convention met at St. Paul's church, Centreville, June 2d. Standing Committee elected: The Rev. Drs. P. T. Barber and J. O. Barton, the Rev. Messrs. J. A. Mitchell, E. F. Dashiell, and J. N. Wattson, the Messrs. I. L. Adkins, G. R. Goldsborough, W. S. Walker, and Henry S. Condon.

DELAWARE.—The Convention was held in St. Philip's church, Laurel, June 2d. Deputies to the General Convention elected—The Rev. Messrs. Benjamin J. Douglass, Wm. B. Gordon, T. Gardiner Littell, and D. D. Smith, Messrs. S. M. Curtis, George H. Bates, William J. Fell, and H. Burr. Standing Committee—The Rev. Messrs. C. S. Spencer, J. A. Stone, and L. W. Gibson, and Messrs. S. M. Curtis, and H. Burr.

VIRGINIA.—The Convention met in St. Paul's church, Richmond, May 10th. At the suggestion of the Bishop a committee was appointed to request the next General Convention to

permit the election of an Assistant Bishop. Deputies to the General Convention elected—The Rev. Drs. G. H. Norton, J. S. Hanckel, C. J. Gibson, and C. Minnigerode, Messrs. R. E. Withers, H. W. Sheffey, W. H. Taylor, and R. H. Parker. Standing Committee—The Rev. Drs. Joseph Packard and G. H. Norton, the Rev. H. Suter, and Messrs. C. F. Lee, C. S. Taylor, and Arthur Herbert.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The annual Convention met in St. Paul's church, Winston, on Wednesday, May 26th. The Bishops report 427 confirmed, five churches consecrated, one deacon and two priests ordained. Deputies to the General Convention elected: The Rev. A. A. Watson, D.D., the Rev. J. C. Husk, D.D., the Rev. N. C. Hughes, the Rev. D. H. Buel, D.D., A. J. Rosset, M.D., John Manning, K. P. Battle, and John Hughes. The Committee on the State of the Church reported number of families in the diocese, 2,274; individuals, 11,421; communicants, 4,863; contributions, \$51,686.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Convention met in St. Philip's church, Charleston, May 19th. The elections resulted as follows: Standing Committee—The Rev. Drs. C. C. Pinckney and A. T. Porter, the Rev. Messrs. J. Johnson, J. E. Jackson, and W. H. Campbell, and Messrs. W. A. Pringle, H. D. Lesesne, E. McCrady, Sr., C. C. Memminger, and W. T. Bragg. Deputies to the General Convention—The Rev. Drs. C. C. Pinckney and A. T. Porter, the Rev. Messrs. J. D. McCullough and E. Capers, Messrs. E. McCrady, J. J. P. Smith, R. W. Shand, and H. D. Lesesne.

GEORGIA.—The diocesan Convention was held in Trinity church, Columbus, on Wednesday, May 19th. The result of the elections was as follows: Standing Committee—the Rev. W. C. Wil-

liams, President; the Rev. Robert C. Foute, the Rev. Edwin G. Weed, Messrs. T. E. Walker, B. Conley, and Z. D. Harrison. Deputies to the General Convention: The Rev. Messrs. Thos. Boone, Edwin G. Weed, W. C. Williams, W. C. Hunter, Messrs. L. N. Whittle, J. R. Johnson, Charles J. Jenkins, and John S. Davidson.—The Bishop confirmed thirty persons in Trinity church.

KENTUCKY.—The diocesan Convention met in Christ church, Louisville, on Wednesday, May 26th. Result of the elections: Standing Committee—The Rev. James Craik, D.D., the Rev. E. T. Perkins, D.D., the Rev. J. G. Minnigerode, Messrs. William Cornwall, W. F. Bullock, and Clinton McClarty. Deputies to the General Convention—The Rev. James Craik, D.D., the Rev. E. T. Perkins, D.D., the Rev. W. M. Pettis, the Rev. T. Tidball, D.D., the Hon. J. W. Stevenson, Messrs. William Cornwall, R. A. Robinson, and R. H. Cunningham.

OHIO.—St. John's church, Youngstown, was reopened May 28th. At the same service thirteen persons were confirmed.—The Convention met in Trinity church, Cleveland, June 1st. Result of the elections: Standing Committee—The Rev. Drs. Rulison, Burton, and J. W. Brown, Messrs. Comstock, Sanford, and Boardman. Deputies to the General Convention—The Rev. Drs. N. S. Rulison, W. B. Bodine, J. W. Brown, and S. A. Bronson, and Messrs. J. H. Devereaux, A. H. Moss, C. Delano, and S. L. Mather.

SOUTHERN OHIO.—A new church, the Ascension, has been erected in Middletown.

MICHIGAN.—The Convention met in Grace church, Detroit, June 9th. The Bishop reported cornerstones laid, 2; churches consecrated, 2; ordained 1 priest; confirmed 565. Elections:

Standing Committee—The Rev. Geo. Worthington, S.T.D., the Rev. Messrs. J. A. Wilson, Rufus W. Clark, Jr., and Messrs. C. C. Trowbridge, H. P. Baldwin 2d, and J. V. Campbell. Deputies to the General Convention—The Rev. Drs. Worthington and Wm. J. Harris, the Rev. Messrs. R. W. Clark, Jr., and A. A. Butler, and Messrs. C. C. Trowbridge, H. P. Baldwin, H. W. Rodgers, T. H. Eaton, and J. M. Sterling.—The Bishop confirmed, May 23d, in Bay City, 10; 25th, in Ausable, 3; 26th, in Alpena, 28.

WESTERN MICHIGAN.—The Convention met in Emmanuel church, Hastings, June 2d. The Bishop reported confirmed, 146; laid one cornerstone; consecrated and opened three churches; ordained three priests. Result of elections: Standing Committee—The Rev. Messrs. Mortimer, Conover, and Cook, the Rev. Dr. Schetky, the Messrs. A. Platt, L. C. Chapin, and D. J. Arnold. Deputies to the General Convention—The Rev. Messrs. J. F. Conover, G. D. E. Mortimer, and J. W. Bancroft, the Rev. Dr. G. P. Schetky, Messrs. J. W. Champlin, J. D. Arnold, N. P. Loveridge, and L. C. Chapin.

INDIANA.—The Diocesan Convention met June 1st in St. Paul's church, Evansville. The Bishop reported Confirmations 224; ordained 3 deacons. Standing Committee elected—The Rev. Dr. J. B. Wakefield, the Rev. Messrs. E. A. Bradley and F. S. Dunham, Messrs. W. H. Morrison, George C. Duy, and I. H. Kiersted. Deputies to the General Convention—The Rev. Dr. J. B. Wakefield, the Rev. Messrs. E. A. Bradley, Theo. I. Holcombe, and J. S. Reed, Messrs. W. H. Morrison, J. B. Howe, George C. Duy, and J. S. Irwin.

ILLINOIS.—The diocesan Convention met on Tuesday, May 26th. The elec-

tions resulted as follows: Standing Committee—The Rev. Dr. Morrison, the Rev. Messrs. Snyder and Phillips, and Messrs. Ackerman, Fay, and Sheldon. Deputies to the General Convention: The Rev. Dr. Locke, the Rev. Messrs. J. H. Knowles, Sweet, and Toll, Hon. S. C. Judd, LL.D., and Messrs. Cobb, Tilden, and Larrabee.

QUINCY.—The Convention met, May 25th, in Quincy. The Bishop reported 150 confirmed. Standing Committee elected: The Rev. Drs. C. W. Leffingwell, W. B. Corbyn, and W. F. Lloyd, Messrs. H. A. Williamson, E. J. Parker, and R. F. Newcombe. Deputies to the General Convention: The Rev. Drs. C. W. Leffingwell and W. F. Lloyd, the Rev. Messrs. A. B. Allen and W. B. Morrow, Messrs. E. J. Parker, H. A. Williamson, Samuel Wilkinson, and W. T. Call. Delegates to the Provincial Synod—The Rev. Drs. C. W. Leffingwell and W. B. Corbyn, the Rev. Messrs. G. H. Higgins, Robert Ritchie, and E. H. Rudd, Messrs. E. J. Parker, H. A. Williamson, H. Chase, Samuel Wilkinson, and R. F. Newcombe. Board of Missions: The Rev. Messrs. E. H. Rudd, G. H. Higgins, and Robert Ritchie, Messrs. H. Chase, George Hoffman, and Samuel Wilkinson.

SPRINGFIELD.—The Convention met in Springfield, May 4th. Result of the elections: Standing Committee—The Rev. Dr. J. D. Easter, the Rev. Messrs. D. W. Dresser and D. A. Bonnar, the Messrs. S. A. Treat, R. P. Johnson, and A. McK. Dubois. Federal Council—The Rev. Dr. J. D. Easter, the Rev. Messrs. D. W. Dresser, M. Chase, E. A. Larrabee, and W. H. Moore, the Messrs. R. P. Johnson, S. A. Foley, H. H. Candee, L. Burrows, and W. Ollis.

FOND DU LAC.—The Council met in the Cathedral at Fond du Lac, June 8th. Deputies to the General Con-

vention elected—The Rev. Messrs. M. V. Averill, H. R. Haff, G. Vernor, and W. E. Wright, and Messrs. J. B. Perry, C. A. Galloway, J. Jenkins, and George Gray.

MINNESOTA.—The Convention met in the Cathedral at Faribault, on Wednesday, June 9th. Deputies to the General Convention—The Rev. Drs. Knickerbacker, Thomas, Watson, and Livermore, and Messrs. E. T. Wilder, G. E. Cole, and E. B. Gibbs.

NEBRASKA. — On Wednesday, May 27th, the cornerstone of the new Cathedral was laid at Omaha.

IOWA.—On Trinity Sunday, in the cathedral at Davenport, Bishop Perry ordained to the diaconate the following persons: Job O. Babin, Edwin Allanson, James L. Strong, and George H. S. Somerville.—The annual Commencement of Griswold College took place on the 20th of May.—The Convention met in Iowa City, May 25th. The Bishop reported 261 confirmed, and 13 ordinations. Result of elections: Deputies to the General Convention—The Rev. Messrs. Joseph S. Jenckes, Jr., Robert C. McIlwain, Samuel Ringgold, and James Trimble, and Messrs. George J. Boal, S. C. Bever, D. Moor, and D. C. Bloomer. Standing Committee—The Rev. Dr. W. H. Barris, the Rev. Messrs. P. W. Sprague and F. T. Webb, and Messrs. R. Sickels, G. J. Boal, and S. C. Bever.

MISSOURI.—On Monday in Whitsun-week Mr. Sturges Allen was ordained deacon.—The Bishop has recently confirmed in Platte City, 3; Kirkwood, 16; Marshall, 6; Blackburn, 1; Fayette, 5; Glasgow, 3; Norborne, 2; La Clede, 4.

FOREIGN.

ENGLAND.—At a recent meeting of the Home Reunion Society the Bishop of Oxford, who presided, stated that the Society contemplated the possibility of greater union among all Chris-

tians than at present exists. Nonconformist ministers accepted an invitation to take seats on the platform. The Bishop shook hands with each one. Earl Nelson read a paper explanatory of the position of Episcopalians, and said there was among all sects a growing feeling in favor of this form of government. His remarks were favorably received by some, derisively by others. The meeting, however, separated pleasantly. — The Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews has held its seventy-second anniversary. The Society had received during the past year £35,203 19s. More than that sum had been expended. The meeting was addressed by the Dean of Canterbury, Bishop Ryle, and Canon Tristram. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided. — The cornerstone of a cathedral at Truro was laid on the 20th of May. — The Rev. Mr. Jones, a Congregational minister, with seventy of his flock, have joined the Church of England. — The Convocation of Canterbury met on the 1st of June. — The case of Bradlaugh's parliamentary oath has created no little excitement. It appears that when that atheist appeared to take his seat in Parliament, he declined to take his oath on the Bible, but claimed the privilege of making an affirmation merely. He was then informed that this was a special privilege granted to the Quakers, and which he, not being a Quaker, had no right to claim. He then said that with him an oath on the Bible would have no binding force, as he did not believe in the Bible, nor in fact in the existence of God. Afterwards, however, he thought better of it and offered to make the usual Bible oath. To this the members made objection, on the ground that he had already stated that such an oath was a mere form, and would not be binding. And there, at last accounts, the matter rests. — Gladstone's majority was overwhelming, and filled everybody with astonishment. But there are already murmurs loud and deep. The Nonconformists and enemies of the Establishment voted for his party candidates with great unanimity. But they hate Romanists and infidels as well as the Church. They are therefore astounded to see Gladstone appointing Lord Ripon, a late pervert

to Romanism, viceroy of India, giving another very important position to a Roman Catholic—to make both which appointments Protestants must be turned out of office—and lastly, his favoring of Bradlaugh in his difficulties about taking the parliamentary oath. — The famous Burials Bill, giving dissenters a right to bury their dead in grounds which were originally bequeathed for the use of Churchmen alone, is likely to pass both Houses of Parliament.

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

The July *Harper's* is a very interesting number, containing an unusual variety of subjects. A. A. Hayes, Jr., takes his readers West again. This time it is on 'The Santa Fe Trail.' Rebecca Harding Davis begins the first of three papers on 'By-paths in the Mountains.' The title of Thomas W. Knox's article, 'Summer Clubs on Great South Bay,' is a sufficiently descriptive one to give an idea of what sort of reading it is; and we find it written in light and easy style, as such warm-weather pieces should be. It has ten illustrations. The most attractive feature of this number is undoubtedly Mrs. Oliphant's 'Queen Victoria,' an exceedingly entertaining biographical sketch, with five portraits of the Queen, taken at different times; the sweet face of the Duchess of Kent is also there, and the Queen's father and other interesting portraits and sketches. Henry James, Jr., begins a serial of New York life, called 'Washington Square,' into which he has introduced several very commonplace characters. 'Blue Flags,' illustrated by one of W. H. Gibson's graceful little sprays, and 'Prince Yousuf and the Alcayde,' are the poems of this month. Richard T. Ely contributes a paper on 'American Colleges and German Universities.' Maria Oakey writes a brief sketch of the life of 'William Morris Hunt,' with reproductions of some of his finer paintings.

Those interested in the western part of our country will find a great deal which is entertaining in that connection in the July *Scribner's*. Earnest Ingersoll gives a very readable account of the city of Denver, 'The Metropolis of the Rocky Mountains,' and John Muir discourses with all the ardor of an enthusiast about 'The Californian Alps,' shrouding even the inevitable statistics in a veil of most fascinating description. He has the peculiarly delightful faculty of bringing some of the grandest and most beautiful views very vividly before his readers. An exceedingly well written and entertaining paper is by William H. Bishop, called 'To Coney Island.' Mr. Bishop seems thoroughly to have caught the holiday spirit of that favorite resort, and describes it with the fidelity of a careful observer, who is not without a keen sense of the ridiculous. In speaking of the beach in front of one of the hotels, he says: "In the center is a music-stand, shaped like a scallop-shell. Benches are scattered profusely along; the beach below is full of parasols and Summer costumes, bright against the water; pink-legged children, with their skirts very much tucked up, are wading in it, reflected in the shallows; and an eccentric sloop, cruising lazily, with some curious inscription in large letters on her mainsail, luffs up and goes about just in the edge of the surf. What in the name—"Go to Gullmore's for your clothing." I for one shall never do so if there be another establishment in the town where clothing may be had. This was once an honest fishing-boat, and methinks the once honest fisherman has a shamefaced look even from here, as he sits sulkily at the tiller, under the shade of his weather-beaten mainsail, trimmed now to this sentiment-destroying traffic." Further on we quote: "Co-

ney Island is curiously like the Centennial; that is the only description that does it justice. It is a Centennial of pleasure, pure and simple, without any tiresome ulterior commercial purposes, held amid refreshing breezes, by the sea. There is the same gay architecture, the same waving flags, the same delightful, distracting whirl, the same enormous masses of staring, good-natured, perpetually marching and countermarching human beings. Its essential character is bound up with the crowd. Its virtues are those of a crowd, and so are its faults." Again: "A touch of patriotic pride really ought to mingle with our contemplation of Coney Island. It is quite original, distinctively American, and charming. There is nothing like it abroad, and its proximity and extraordinary ease of access seems to insure it against rivalry at home." A. J. Leffingwell gives a valuable article, 'Does Vivisection Pay?' taking a very humane view of the subject, though by no means ignoring its value in some cases to scientists. 'The Sorcery of Madjoon' treats of opium, particularly as used in New York. There are various other papers of interest, not the least amongst which are two additional chapters of that admirable historical serial 'Peter the Great.'

St. Nicholas for July reached us too late for an extended notice. It is sufficient praise of the illustrations to say that they are not inferior to those usually found in this best of the juveniles. The contents are: Dame Durben and Little Mr. Babe, by S. W. Birnie; A Summer Song, by Julia C. R. Dorr; Rose Woods, by C. H. Farnham; A Lucky Stroke, by John Lewees; Jack Scarecrow, by Mrs. C. A. Wyckoff; Jack and Jill, chaps. 15 and 16, by Louisa M. Alcott; A Summer Story, by Margaret J. Preston;

A Japanese Military Noble in Court Dress, by William E. Griffis; Pedro, by William F. Round; Elizabeth Eliza writes a Paper, by Lucretia P. Hale; The Little Models, by R. E. Francillon; Tom's Anti-Firecracker League, by Mary Wagner Fisher; Buttons and Fortunes, by Laura Ledyard; A Country Seat, by H. L. Stephens; The Canadian Patriots in 1775, by George J. Varney; Now, Bumble-Bee! by Nellie Wood; One Tree Island, by Frank R. Stockton; Hark! hark! what's the Noise? by M. F. B.; Cheery Robin, by B. Lander; Paper Balloons, by Daniel C. Beard; The Major's Big-Talk Stories, by F. Blake Crofton; Roses, by M. F. Butts; Caught, by W. T. Smedley; How Little Patty Saved Her Mother, by Kate B. Horton; Freddy and the Hawk, by Maria Oakley; Little Poppy-de-Polly, by Fanny Barrow; Tabby's Supper, by Lucy G. Morse; The Continental Spirit, by L. Hopkins; The Letter Box; The Riddle Box.

Appleton's Journal for July completes Victor Cherbuliez's brilliant story 'Herr Drommel's Inconsistencies,' and Appleton Morgan's extraordinary and not easily to be refuted paper 'The Shakespearean Myth.' One cannot but hope that the writer is wrong. 'Modern Italian Picturesque Sculpture' is by James Jackson Jarvis. There is an able and interesting article by Dean Stanley on 'The Variations of the Roman Church.' It should be widely circulated and read. It is a complete refutation of Rome's claims that it is one, and never changes. A very curious and highly interesting article is the narrative, said to be true, of 'An Adventuress of the Eighteenth Century.' Mrs. Oliphant writes on 'The Grievances of Women.' She is no 'woman's rights' woman and does not want to vote. She thinks, however, that women have

grievances, and she states them. One we have copied, and it will be found on another page. 'Kossuth and Louis Napoleon' is from the advance sheets of a forthcoming work, which, judging from this sample, will be eagerly sought. Kossuth is one of the most remarkable men of his age. His efforts for his country have brought him in intimate relations with kings and cabinets. In these days we are getting in one form and another the inside of history. There is a continuation of the controversy on 'The Suez Canal and Egyptian Finances.' The other articles are 'Plea for Musicians,' 'The Dramatis Personæ of Spanish Comedy,' 'The Channing Centennial Literature,' and 'Editor's Table.'

Lippincott's Magazine for July opens with a very original illustrated article by Margaret Bertha Wright, in which she gives a number of amusing experiences of some art students in Rome. 'Paradise Plantation' is a pleasant account of how four people—called by the writer by the characteristic names of the Invalid, the Pessimist, Hope, and Merry—went to Florida, and there bought a plantation and raised oranges and vegetables for market. The short story called 'Pipistrello' is by Ouida, and therein she, as her fashion is, deals in a most entertaining and artistic way with low and immoral characters. Why, with the number of good, pure, and entertaining story-writers of which we Americans can now boast, the publishers of Lippincott should see fit to lower the high standard of their magazine and spread an unhealthy influence over its readers, by publishing the writings of such an author, we fail to understand. A noticeable article is by M. B. C. True, 'On Spelling Reform,' taking 'the other side.' Charles Burr Todd recalls to our memory Joel Barlow, whom he considers 'A Forgotten American Worthy.' There are three poems, and instalments of the serials; and 'Our Monthly Gossip' contains two or three pithy, pleasant, little articles.

HOLY DAYS IN JULY.

ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE.

James, called the Great, to distinguish him from the other known as James the Less, was brother of John, the beloved disciple, and son of Zebedee. His mother was Mary Salomé, sister of the Blessed Virgin, or perhaps first cousin, the Jews being accustomed to use the term brother and sister of cousins as well as of the offspring of the same parents.

He was one of the partners of Simon Peter in the occupation of fishing. The Saviour, from the shore of the Sea of Galilee, saw the two brothers in the ship, and called them to follow him. "They immediately left the ship and their father, and followed Him." It is not clear why our Lord gave to James and John the title Boanerges, or the Sons of Thunder. John was certainly the most gentle and amiable of the disciples; nor does there appear to have been anything in the character of James particularly significant of that title. It is true, however, that on one occasion, when the inhospitable Samaritans refused to receive Him, these two disciples, filled with indignation, said "Lord, wilt Thou that we call down fire from heaven and consume them, even as Elias did?" But perhaps the expression merely implied that they should be prominent among those who with the thunder of the Gospel startled the nations.

Once our Lord had occasion to rebuke the ambition, perhaps not of James and John, but of their mother, Salomé, when she asked that her two sons might sit, the one on the right and the other on the left hand of the Lord in His kingdom. The reply not merely showed that His was a spiritual kingdom, but that the way to eminence therein was through being useful: "Whosoever will be great among

you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." But at the same time He drew out from the two brothers an expression of entire and unconditional surrender to their Master. Doubtless they did not know the full purport of their promise when they made it. Still, it was none the less a surrender of themselves to do and endure whatever might be appointed them. To the petition of the mother that her sons might be exalted to the highest seats in His kingdom, the reply was "Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" There was heroism in their answer "We are able." They did not ask what particular hardships were implied in His question, but whatever the sacrifice might be—for the Son of God, the Messiah, they were willing to make it. The Saviour said "Ye shall drink indeed of My cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with." They found their appointed portion—the one in the lot of the martyr, and the other in that of the confessor. For of St. James it is said that after having preached in Judea and Samaria, and possibly in Spain, returning to Jerusalem—Herod, nephew of Herod Antipas, who beheaded St. John the Baptist—raised a persecution against the Christians, and had James seized and brought to trial. He also suborned a witness, upon whose perjured testimony the Apostle was condemned to death. But this false accuser was so overpowered with the bearing of James at the trial that he repented of what he had done, and falling at the feet of the condemned, implored his pardon. The holy man raised him to his feet, embraced him, and said "Peace be to thee." The penitent thereupon publicly proclaimed himself a Christian, and was beheaded at the same time with the Apostle. This was about A. D. 44, St. James being the first one of the Apostles to suffer martyrdom.

Sunday School Lessons.

As recommended by the Members of the several Committees on "Uniform Sunday School Lessons," appointed by the Bishops of the Dioceses of New York, Long Island, New Jersey, Central New York, Ohio, and Southern Ohio, and by the Committees representing the Diocese of Massachusetts and the Sunday School Association of Philadelphia.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Thanking God for our Country.

Text to be Learned.

RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION ;
BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE.
Prov. xiv. 34.

The Lesson—Deut. viii. 7-14.

7. For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land—a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths, that spring out of valleys and hills;

8. A land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates—a land of oil-olive and honey;

9. A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it—a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.

10. When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which He hath given thee.

11. Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God, in not keeping His Commandments, and His judgments, and His statutes, which I command thee this day;

12. Lest when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses and dwelt therein;

13. And when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied;

14. Then thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord thy God.

The Israelites had been now forty years in the wilderness, living in tents. Much of the region in which they dwelt was a parched, stony, and barren land. For their comfort indeed a stream of water had been made to flow from the rock, and to follow them in all their wanderings; but theirs had been no fruitful ground of vineyards and olive trees. They had for the latter portion of their journey been engaged in hard battles with the nations whom they had been commanded to subdue and destroy, and here, they had sight and taste of fruitful lands, and flocks and herds, and all the comforts of a people settled down

and at rest. They were prepared, therefore, to heed attentively and appreciate the promise of a home for themselves, at rest in a land flowing with milk and honey, the glory of all lands. Their fathers, coming from Egypt, exchanged a hard and cruel slavery for freedom. But so great was the contrast between the desolateness of the peninsula of Sinai and the fruitful land of Egypt that they even rebelled against Moses and Aaron, and desired to go back to their slavery. That generation had now passed away, and the present had no experience of a fruitful country. They were in just the condition, therefore, to be fascinated with such a description of the promised land as Moses here gave. A land of brooks of water, fountains and depths springing out of the hills, wheat and barley, vines and figtrees, pomegranates, oil-olive, and honey, of bread without scarceness, and hills abounding in mineral ores—as the hungry hears the promise of a bountiful repast, so these worn pilgrims heard of the rich land before them, and were eager to enter it.

But a caution was needful. We plead with tears for benefits, and then are apt to sit down to the enjoyment of them, utterly forgetting the hand that bestowed them. It is a trait in poor frail human nature, most apparent in those who are low in the scale of civilization and culture, but still the infirmity of all, to be corrected only by the grace of God. Moses does not caution them to beware how they forget to cultivate the land and improve it. For they could see the connection

between the labor of the husbandman and the harvest. But there is as much connection between the faith and fear of God and the real benefits and blessings and permanency of a home in a fruitful land, as there is between the labor of the husbandman and his harvest. The difference is that in the one case we see the connection; in the other we do not. The one is sight; the other is faith. The most ignorant and vicious can walk by sight—that is, act where they see the reason for it. But it requires a higher culture and more grace to walk by faith—that is, from principle, from belief in right and truth and God.

The chosen people of God in time forgot the counsels of Moses, and that land is no longer the glory of all lands, no longer a land of fountains and depths, of bread without scarceness. It is utterly changed. The threatening uttered by Moses in this same address has come to pass: "Take heed to yourselves that your heart be not deceived, and ye turn aside and serve other gods and worship them; and then the Lord's wrath be kindled against you, and He shut up the heaven that there be no rain, and that the land yield not her fruit" (xi. 16, 17). God is the God not of the Jews only, but of all nations. As plenteous harvests and temporal prosperity are, with God's blessing, the rewards of industry and a wise prudence, so that which makes prosperity a benefit, secures its permanence, and "exalteth a nation," is the honoring and serving of God—in other words, "righteousness."

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the name of that good land to which the Israelites were to be brought? The land of Canaan, or Palestine, or the Holy Land.

2. What is meant by the expression

"A land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass?" A land abounding in ores of the various useful minerals.

3. What custom is said to be founded upon verse 10? The custom of grace at meals.

4. When did Moses say they would be in danger of forgetting God? Verses 12, 13.

5. What is to be the fate of nations that forsake God? "The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek Him, but His power and His wrath is against all them that forsake Him" (Ezra viii. 22).

THE COLLECT.

O God, who hast prepared for those who love Thee, such good things as pass man's understanding, pour into our hearts such love toward Thee that we, loving Thee above all things, may obtain Thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HYMN 309.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

Caleb's Reward.

Text to be Learned.

BLESSED ARE ALL THEY THAT FEAR THE LORD, AND WALK IN HIS WAYS. Ps. cxxviii. 1.

The Lesson—Joshua xiv. 6-14.

6. Then the children of Judah came unto Joshua in Gilgal; and Caleb, the son of Jephunneh the Kenazite, said unto him, Thou knowest the thing that the Lord said unto Moses, the man of God, concerning me and thee in Kadesh-barnea.

7. Forty years old was I when Moses, the servant of the Lord, sent me from Kadesh-barnea to espie out the land; and I brought him word again as it was in mine heart.

8. Nevertheless, my brethren that went up

with me made the heart of the people melt, but I wholly followed the Lord my God.

9. And Moses sware on that day, saying Surely the land whereon thy feet have trodden shall be thine inheritance, and thy children's forever, because thou hast wholly followed the Lord my God.

10. And now behold, the Lord hath kept me alive, as He said, these forty and five years, even since the Lord spake this word unto Moses, while the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness; and now lo! I am this day four score and five years old.

11. As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me; as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, both to go out and to come in.

12. Now therefore give me this mountain whereof the Lord spake in that day (for thou heardest in that day how the Anakims were there, and that the cities were great and fenced), if so be the Lord will be with me; then I shall be able to drive them out, as the Lord said.

13. And Joshua blessed him, and gave to Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, Hebron for an inheritance.

14. Hebron, therefore, became the inheritance of Caleb, the son of Jephunneh the Kenezite, unto this day, because that he wholly followed the Lord God of Israel.

Caleb the son of Jephunneh, it will be remembered, was one of the twelve persons whom Moses had sent to spy out the land of Canaan. With the exception of Joshua and Caleb, all the twelve gave unfavorable reports, telling of the strength and power of the inhabitants, and the difficulty of dislodging them from their fortified cities, thus discouraging the people, and causing them to murmur and rebel. God was, in consequence, angry with these cowardly and unfaithful spies, and declared that none of them save Joshua and Caleb should ever see the land which He had promised their fathers that His people should inherit. Moses subsequently repeated the exception made in favor of the faithful Caleb, "He shall see it, and to him I shall give the land that he hath trodden upon, and to his children, because he hath wholly followed the Lord." Thirty-eight years from the time that this promise was first made had elapsed before the children of Israel entered upon the possession of the land of Canaan. Seven years, in addition, appear to have passed be-

fore the completion of the allotment to each separate tribe. And now the aged Caleb, who at fourscore and five years could say "I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me; as my strength was then, so is my strength now, for war, both to go out and to come in," comes before Joshua and calls up the promise which Moses had made concerning him, and which implied not only that he himself should see the promised land, but that his household should be specially remembered in it. But inasmuch as Caleb himself was one of those appointed by God to assist in the division of the land (Numbers xxxiv. 19), and there would be a seeming unfairness in his assigning the lot to himself, he comes before Joshua, before the work of division had been begun, and accompanied with prominent members of the tribe of Judah, asks to have the mountain region known by the name of Hebron, assigned to his house, and become the inheritance of his children. Joshua blessed him, giving what he desired, reserving from the portion the city of Hebron only, for that belonged to the priests.

QUESTIONS.

1. Where was Joshua at this time? In Gilgal.

2. What did Caleb say to him? Verse 6.

3. To what does this refer? See Numbers xiv. 23, 24, 30.

4. State what Joshua and Caleb had done to obtain this promise? When the spies sent to view the land of Canaan, to which God had promised to bring the Israelites, returned, they gave an unfavorable account, and disheartened the people. But Joshua and Caleb told the truth, and encouraged them.

5. What other instance is there of a faithful servant of God being reward-

ed by extraordinary strength and vigor in his old age? Deut. xxiv. 7.

6. Who did Caleb say had inhabited Hebron before this? The Anakims.

7. What had been said of this part of the land of Canaan? The rebellious spies had reported "the cities are great, and walled up to heaven, and moreover, we have seen the sons of the Anakims there."

8. What did they say of the Anakims? "There we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants, and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers" (Numbers xiii. 33).

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

9. What is known about the Anakims? Anak had three sons, whose descendants were terrible for their fierceness and great stature. The Hebrew spies were frightened when they saw them.

10. What, at length, became of them? They were driven out by Caleb. Chap. xv. 13, 14.

THE COLLECT.

Lord of all power and might, Who art the author and giver of all good things, graft in our hearts the love of Thy Name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of Thy great mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CATECHISM.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord Thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

IV. Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work; thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Division of the Land.

Text to be Learned.

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS. I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU. St. John xiv. 2.

The Lesson—Joshua xviii. 1-10.

1. And the whole congregation of the children of Israel assembled together at Shiloh, and set up the tabernacle of the congregation there; and the land was subdued before them.

2. And there remained among the children of Israel seven tribes, which had not yet received their inheritance.

3. And Joshua said unto the children of Israel, How long are you slack to go to possess the land which the Lord God of your fathers hath given you?

4. Give out from among you three men for each tribe, and I will send them, and they shall rise, and go through the land, and describe it according to the inheritance of them, and they shall come again to me.

5. And they shall divide it into seven parts; Judah shall abide in their coast on the south, and the house of Joseph shall abide in their coasts on the north.

6. Ye shall therefore describe the land into seven parts, and bring the description hither to me, that I may cast lots for you here before the Lord our God.

7. But the Levites have no part among you: for the priesthood of the Lord is their inheritance. And Gad, and Reuben, and half the tribe of Manasseh, have received their inheritance beyond Jordan on the east, which Moses, the servant of the Lord, gave them.

8. And the men arose and went away, and Joshua charged them that went to describe the land, saying Go and walk through the land, and describe it, and come again to me, that I may here cast lots for you before the Lord in Shiloh.

9. And the men went, and passed through the land, and described it by cities into seven parts, in a book, and came again to Joshua to the host at Shiloh.

10. And Joshua cast lots for them in Shiloh before the Lord, and there Joshua divided the land unto the children of Israel according to their divisions.

When Joshua was in Gilgal, the land of Canaan had been divided, five tribes receiving their portion; seven remained, which had not yet obtained their inheritance. These appear now to have been with Joshua in Shiloh, a place in the tribe of Ephraim, and about seven miles from Jerusalem. Joshua must needs be with his own tribe, and yet be in some place easily accessible to the whole nation. Shiloh was chosen, and here the tabernacle containing the Ark of the Covenant

was borne, and here it remained until the close of the days of Eli, about 350 years. These seven tribes, for some cause, had delayed making a selection of their portion, and now Joshua urges this duty upon them. He directs them to select three persons from each of their tribes, whom they are to send to the unappropriated portion of the country which had been subdued, and having described or delineated it, to divide it into seven portions. This was done, and the book or map of the whole country was brought to Joshua at Shiloh, who then cast lots before the Lord. According to Josephus, this land was divided into equal portions, respect being had to the goodness of the soil as well as the quantity of ground. There was, however, to be no portion assigned to the tribe of Levi. Their inheritance was not territory, but the priesthood of the Lord. Yet God had commanded the children of Israel to give unto the Levites, of the inheritance of their possession, cities to dwell in. They were also to have the suburbs "for their cattle and for their goods and for all their beasts" (Numbers xxxiv. 2, 3).

QUESTIONS.

1. Where was Joshua when the division of the land among the tribes began? In Gilgal.
2. Where had he now removed? To Shiloh.
3. In what tribe was Shiloh? In the tribe of Ephraim.
4. To what tribe did Joshua belong? To the tribe of Ephraim.
5. What did the children of Israel do in Shiloh? They set up the tabernacle of the congregation there.
6. How many tribes remained who had not received their inheritance? Seven.
7. What course did Joshua direct them to pursue? Verse 4.
8. Into how many parts were they to divide the land? Seven.
9. How did Joshua decide which portion each of the seven tribes should have? Verse 10.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

10. Where do we find an account of

the tabernacle of the congregation? In Exodus xxvi.

11. When the Israelites moved from place to place, what was done with the tabernacle of the congregation? It was carefully and reverently taken down, and removed by the Levites. Read Numbers iv. 1-16.

THE COLLECT.

O God, whose never-failing providence ordereth all things both in heaven and earth, we humbly beseech Thee to put away from us all hurtful things, and to give us those things which are profitable for us; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CATECHISM.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt do no murder.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his.

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Cities of Refuge.

Text to be Learned.

HE IS ABLE ALSO TO SAVE THEM TO THE UTMOST THAT COME UNTO GOD BY HIM, SEEING HE EVER LIVETH TO MAKE INTERCESSION FOR THEM. Heb. vii. 25.

The Lesson—Joshua xx. 1-6.

1. The Lord also spake unto Joshua, saying
2. Speak to the children of Israel, saying Appoint out for you cities of refuge, whereof I spake unto you by the hand of Moses.
3. That the slayer that killeth any person unawares and unwittingly, may flee thither, and they shall be your refuge from the avenger of blood.
4. And when he that doth flee unto one of those cities shall stand at the entering of the gate of the city, and shall declare his cause in the ears of the elders of that city, they shall take him into the city unto them, and give him a place that he may dwell among them.
5. And if the avenger of blood pursue after him, then they shall not deliver the slayer up into his hand, because he smote his neighbor unwittingly, and hated him not beforetime.
6. And he shall dwell in that city until he stand before the congregation for judgment, and until the death of the high priest that

shall be in those days; then shall the slayer return, and come unto his own city, and unto his own house, unto the city from whence he fled.

In Eastern lands, before the days of Moses, there was a law known as the law of Goël. Substantially it was this: When a person was murdered, his nearest kin must at once, without hesitation, pursue and kill the murderer. The object of this law was to secure in an imperfect state of society the execution of capital punishment upon him who should shed the blood of his fellow-man. Without such a law rigidly enforced, the rich might slay the poor, and make satisfaction with the relatives by payment of money. But under the law of Goël there was no escape for the murderer.

But it will readily be perceived that such a penalty (executed by an individual, without the direction of a court and without trial of the accused) might sometimes fall upon the innocent, but falsely accused, instead of the guilty. To prevent this, Moses made provision whereby one who by accident had caused the death of a fellow-being, might be sheltered from the fury of the avenger of blood. Such a one could flee at once to the city of refuge. There he might remain, free from harm. On entering the city such a one was to stand at the entrance of the gate, and state his cause before the elders. They were to receive him and provide him a dwelling-place among them, and if the avenger of blood should follow him to the city, the accused must not be delivered up. There he must remain, however, until his case should be brought to trial, and he be acquitted of the charge of wilful murder. He was then to remain in the city, safe from molestation, until the death of the high priest. Then he could return to his home. If, however, during his tarrying at the city of refuge,

the slayer should go out of the city, the avenger would be at liberty to take his life. There were six of these cities of refuge, three on each side of the Jordan, so as to be accessible from any part of the Holy Land.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is murder? The killing of a person, and meaning to do so.
2. Is one who kills another by accident, a murderer? No, because he does not mean to kill.
3. What is done with a murderer now? He is tried in court, and if found guilty, is put to death by an officer appointed to do so.
4. What was done to the murderer in very ancient times? The nearest relative of the person who was slain killed him.
5. What was this person called? The Avenger, or the Avenger of blood.
6. How was a person who had killed another by accident, protected from the Avenger? He could flee to a city of refuge.
7. What was he to do when he arrived there? Tell the elders of the city what he had done.
8. What happened then? The Avenger was not allowed to touch him.
9. How long was he required to remain in the city of refuge? Until the death of the high priest.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

10. In what relation did the high priest stand to the people? He was their advocate before God.
11. How was his death regarded? As a time of general mourning, when people laid aside their animosities.
12. Why is it probable that this time was appointed as the time for the manslayer to return home? Because it was typical of the death of our great High Priest, through which we obtain forgiveness if we forgive others.

THE COLLECT.

Grant to us, Lord, we beseech Thee, the spirit to think and do always such things as are right; that we, who cannot do anything that is good without Thee, may by Thee be enabled to live according to Thy will; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CATECHISM.

Review the last two lessons.